

PLUCK AND LUCK

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STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York Post Office, November 7, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

No. 572.

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1909.

Price 5 Cents.

• WHIRLWIND • JACK ; • OR, CAPTAIN HEALD'S BOY MESSENGER.

By GEN'L JAS A. GORDON.



Rifles and muskets were almost useless against such a formidable vessel as "The Terror of the Coast." "Load up, an' gin et to 'em ag'in!" cried Whirlwind Jack, who manned one of the guns, aided by Black Partridge, while Heald manned the other.

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WHIRLWIND JACK

OR,

CAPTAIN HEALD'S BOY MESSENGER

BY GEN'L JAMES A. GORDON.

CHAPTER I.

THE MESSENGER FROM MACKINAW.

"Run, captain, fly for your life!"

"What is it, Ronan?"

"Indians—Indians!"

And as if to confirm what the young soldier, flying down the hill to where Captain Heald stood, had said, an unearthly yell seemed to shake the earth and air.

Captain Heald and Ensign Ronan were a long distance from the fort, and with the forest full of savages, the chances of their ever returning seemed doubtful.

"Run, captain! I will cover your retreat. Make it to the boat if you can!" cried the young soldier, cocking his gun and taking a position behind a tree.

"No, no, Ronan; don't risk your life for me. Come, let us both run."

The fugitives ran for three or four miles, when Captain Heald, who was panting and almost exhausted, said:

"Ronan, I must rest."

"Well, captain, I don't see anything of the redskins now, but you needn't think that they have given us up yet."

"No, but I am out of breath. I wish I had brought a musket or rifle with me."

"Captain, how far is it to the lake?" Ronan asked.

"It must be three miles yet."

"I am afraid they will head us off."

"If they do we must cut our way through, Ronan, for we must reach the fort. Think of the helpless women and children there and what their fate would be if the Indians should suddenly attack the fort. They are as unsuspecting of danger there as we were when we came out here to meet Whirlwind Jack, my boy messenger."

"Captain, where did you send Jack?" Ronan asked, keeping a sharp lookout all the while for some sign of the foe.

"To Mackinaw."

"Did he go alone?"

"No, that Indian, Black Partridge, went with him."

"Why did you send them, captain?"

"To learn if war had really been declared with Great Britain, and ascertain if possible what course the Pottawatomies would take in the coming conflict."

Captain Heald, who had been sitting on a log resting, and who had now regained his breath to some extent, rose and said:

"We can't waste any more time here, Ronan. Let's be going."

The fort was about five miles down the lake from the point where they had left their canoe.

As they were hurrying at a brisk walk through the wood, the soldier suddenly said:

"Captain I hear them coming."

"Then we must run."

They began to run, when a wild, unearthly yell rose up in their rear, and another on their right. Glancing over their shoulders, they saw the redskins to the number of a dozen flitting about from tree to tree.

"They have had some recruits to their number, captain," said Ronan.

Before the captain could make any answer, there suddenly arose a yell from a score of throats on their right.

The Indians in their rear were firing at them from behind trees, and the bullets whizzed uncomfortably close to the fugitives' heads. The soldier suddenly halted, and springing behind a tree, cocked his gun, and aiming at the nearest savage, fired. With a wild yell, the Indian threw his arms wildly in the air, and fell back upon the ground.

The fate of this savage for a moment appalled the pursuers in the rear. They halted and gathered about the fallen brave, thus giving the white men an opportunity to gain a little headway.

They uttered no word now, spending all their strength in running. Occasionally they exchanged glances, and the white faces of each appalled the other. They were no cowards, and under ordinary circumstances their cheeks would not have blanched at danger, but when they thought of the fort and their helpless families exposed to the danger of a sudden attack from the Indians, they grew pale.

The forest became thinner as they advanced toward the lake, and among the trees, almost within gunshot, could be seen a score of Indians, running to cut them off from the lake, their only hope of escape.

"Ronan, they must not reach the canoe!"

"Shall I run ahead, captain, and guard it?"

"If you can."

With a shout, the soldier ran down the beach toward the water. Three or four Indians fired at him, and missing their mark, threw away their guns to lighten themselves, and ran at full speed toward the canoe, which was now in sight.

Bang! went Ronan's musket, and one Indian went rolling and wallowing in the sand, but this did not check the others.

"Come on, captain, it's going to be a rough and tumble fight," Ronan cried, and throwing away his musket he took to his heels and ran at the top of his speed toward the boat.

Captain Heald followed as fast as he could, but when only a hundred yards from the shore he stumbled and fell.

A dozen Indians were in a moment on him, while Ronan was knocking down half a dozen more at the boat as fast as they could get up. The white men would soon have been killed had not relief come.

It came from a most unexpected quarter. A whoop, a wild yell that appalled the savages, rose from the forest.

"Hi! whoop! Look out fur Whirlwind Jack! Hyar he comes er-loomin'!"

Two forms like a pair of meteors dashed out of the wood, and swept down across the sands to where the white men were struggling with such overwhelming odds. One was a boy about sixteen or seventeen years of age, but tall, slender, and possessing strength and endurance of three men. He was clothed wholly in buckskin, and wore a cap of fox-skin on his head. About his waist was a belt containing a brace of pistols and a knife, and he carried in his hand a long-barreled rifle. His companion was an Indian armed with the usual rifle and scalping-knife of the savage.

Crack! crack! went a pair of rifle shots, and two of the assaulting redskins rolled over dead on the sand.

Crack! crack! went a brace of pistols, and two more joined them.

"Now, Black Partridge, git out yer knife an' let's waltz right in an' do 'em up!" roared the youth, who was none other than Whirlwind Jack himself.

But the Indians had had enough of the newcomers. Yells of fear pierced the air, and they ran pell-mell away from the sands as fast as their legs could carry them.

"Jack, Jack!" said the captain, rising and grasping the hand of the boy, "I owe you my life!"

"Oh, don't talk erbout et, cap. I'm mad. I'm madder'n a hornet. It's jist this erway every time. I think I'm a-goin' ter hev some fun an' all et once them cowardly red niggers jist git up and climb out o' my way. I feel jist like I could eat rocks, cap, I'm so mad."

"Jack, how many of these savages do you think there are?"

"I guess yer seen all that's in this gang, cap."

"Will they attack us again?"

"I am afraid not," Jack answered. The captain smiled, and seeing Ronan, who had been thrown upon the sand by the Indians who had attacked him, coming toward him, he said:

"Are you wounded, Ronan?"

"Only a scratch or two that amount to nothing."

"Let us get to the canoe as soon as possible."

When they had reached the water, and were about to launch the boat, the captain asked:

"Jack, won't you and Black Partridge go with us in the boat?"

"No, cap; can't do et," said Jack. "Redskin an' me got some business along ther Chicago ter look arter. Hain't seen our traps since we started fur Mackinaw. Must see 'em."

The Indian called Black Partridge, and who had stood gravely silent since the repulse of the attacking savages, now gave utterance to a grunt of approval.

"But, Jack, you have not told me what news you brought from Mackinaw."

"Why, plague take me, cap, ef I hadn't jist erbout furgot all erbout et. Waal, I wanter tell yer things air mighty squally sure, ain't it, Redskin?"

"Be heap much fight," grunted the Indian.

"That air true ez gospel, cap. War hev been declared, an' Mackinaw hev fell inter ther hands o' them red niggers o' Tecumsehs and Brock's redcoats."

"Impossible."

"It air true, cap. True ez gospel. General Hull he went tearin' over in Canada ez if he war goin' ter play smash, an' Brock an' Tecumseh driv him away from Malder an' he's makin' tracks now fur Detroit."

"Jack, that's alarming."

"Yes, but et air ther gospel truth, cap. General Hull sed he'd send yer official orders in er day ur two, an' tell yer jist wot ter do."

The captain bade the singular boy good-b and his canoe glided out upon the lake toward the fort.

The fort was reached, and the captain called a meeting of his officers, and to them told the news of the fall of Mackinaw, the retreat from Malden, and the danger threatened by the Indians. This was truly alarming to the people in Fort Dearborn, who in their isolated position had not known before that war had been declared, though it had long been expected.

CHAPTER II.

A DISCOVERY.

"Now, Redskin, I reckon we gotter put ther best foot foremost," said Whirlwind Jack when he and his grave and usually silent companion were alone in the forest.

The Indian gave his customary grunt.

"I bet them thar Potts try ter lie out o' this, but I know et air some o' their meanness. Keep yer eyes skinned, Red, an' don't let 'em git er move on yer."

This was almost useless advice, for Black Partridge had an eye like a hawk, and an ear like a hare. He had never found his equal in woodcraft and strategy among the red men, who educate only in those sciences. They went to the Chicago river and began looking along its banks for their traps.

"Now, et's mean, it's blamed mean, that air wot it is," declared Jack, when they came to the first trap. "Ef them thieves o' Potts hev'n't gone an' robbed our traps. Now thar war er fine beaver in here, don't yer see et, Black Partridge?"

The Indian grunted, and they went to the next trap.

They found that more than half of their traps had been robbed of furs, and so indignant was Whirlwind Jack that he vowed he would have revenge on the Potts at any cost.

Night came, and found the boy and his Indian friend a considerable distance up the Chicago river. Soon after dark they heard sounds which indicated that there were Indians in the woods.

"Look hyar, Pat, we don't dare build er fire, do we?" said Jack. Whirlwind Jack called Black Partridge Pat, an abbreviation for Partridge, or Redskin, just as the words happened to occur to his mind.

"No," the Indian answered.

They made a supper of cold, jerked venison which they carried in leather pouches at their sides, sitting, even as they ate, with their rifles between their knees. The signs had indicated that there were Indians in the neighborhood, and the thefts from their traps were almost the same as a declaration of war.

The night was quite dark, and the great old forest seemed unusually gloomy. There were very few words said between these western trappers, but each listened to the sighing wind and the distant noises which sounded not unlike the murmur of voices.

Suddenly the Indian, looking up over the head of the youth

whose face was toward him, gave utterance to a low grunt of surprise. Jack rose to his knees and glanced behind him.

"Waal, may I be doggoned!" he exclaimed in a tone but little above his breath. The cause of this sudden exclamation was a fire burning not three hundred yards from where they sat.

The fire had just been kindled, and they could see half a dozen tall forms flitting about it.

The Indian rose silently from the ground, and Jack did the same. Neither made more noise than the gentlest zephyr sighing among the trees.

Then slowly and cautiously as a pair of panthers might move on their prey, they glided forward through the forest, and came to a point not over a hundred yards from the campfire. Here they paused. Jack touched his companion and whispered the one word:

"Wait!"

Black Partridge nodded in silence and took his place behind a tree, but in such a position that he could see all the movements of his companion and the enemy.

Whirlwind Jack now began to crawl nearer to the campfire. From behind every tree and log he paused a moment to look at the camp.

"Why, consarn my pictur, ef thar ain't one o' those British redcoats," he thought as he saw a man in the uniform of a British captain sitting by the side of the campfire. There was but one white man, but he saw some Indians whom he knew from their feathers and trappings to be chiefs. In all they were a dozen in number.

Slowly and cautiously Jack crept forward, hiding behind trees and logs and bushes, and at every moment getting a little nearer so that the sounds, which was only an indistinct hum at first, became intelligible.

At last Jack crouched behind a big log, and lay listening to all that was said.

The English officer said:

"Red Cloud, will you do it?"

The Indian addressed as Red Cloud, and who from his rich trappings Jack knew to be a principal chief, shook his head and answered:

"More—must have more." Then he fell to smoking his pipe.

"If I give you in addition to the new rifle and beads a keg of whisky, will you seize the white squaw?"

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian, smoking with infinite satisfaction.

"The captain's wife has blue eyes and golden hair, and has a beautiful face. She wears stones in her ears that blaze like the sun. Be sure that you do not kill her. She must be turned over to me unharmed."

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian.

"I don't care if you kill all the other people in Fort Dearborn."

Whirlwind Jack was accustomed to bloodthirsty savages, but he thought that he had never known such a villain as this man was. The Indian merely grunted and smoked his pipe in silence. The English officer, who seemed to be filled with the hatred of a demon, said aloud:

"Ah, Nelly Heald, you little dreamed the sweet revenge I would plan when you preferred John Heald to me. I told you you would rue the day you refused me."

"Guess et air some old love scrape," said the boy messenger to himself. "Now, consarn his picture, I wish I knowed his name. But blame me ef I don't jist go an' tell cap all erbout et."

"And John Heald," continued the captain aloud, "you shall be made to suffer all that human beings are capable of suffering. You shall repent the day you ever crossed the path of Andrew Jones."

Whirlwind Jack did not wait to hear more. He knew that it was his duty to get to Fort Dearborn as soon as possible and notify the captain of the expected attack.

He crawled backward and rejoined his companion, and the two made all haste from the spot, wending their way toward Fort Dearborn.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETREAT AND ATTACK.

When Captain Heald reached the post he found a friendly Winnebago Indian with an order from Gen. Hull. The order was for Captain Heald to distribute what supplies he did not need among the Pottawatomies and retreat to Fort Wayne. He was to abandon his post entirely.

The captain's young and pretty wife clung to the arm of her husband, while he told the story of his morning adventure and rescue by Whirlwind Jack.

"Where is Whirlwind Jack now?" she asked.

"In the forest, looking after his traps."

"Do you know, John, that he strangely impresses me? I never see that boy that I don't feel strange. He is about the age my poor little brother would have been had he lived."

"Your brother was killed in a massacre at Fort Nind, was he not?"

"Yes. He and my parents were killed and all burned in the ruins of the fort by the savages. It was really terrible——"

"Don't think of it, dear. It will do no good to recall such events. We must get ready to leave at once."

"All day long preparations were made to evacuate the fort. Captain David Wells, a well-known Indian fighter, with sixteen Miami Indians, came to the fort in the evening and advised the captain not to attempt the retreat, as he was sure the Pottawatomies came to the fort and denied having anything to do with the recent attack on the captain that morning, and assured him that it was the action of a party of thieving Winnebagoes, who had done it in order to charge the crime to them. The Pottawatomies volunteered to escort the garrison to Fort Wayne.

The night passed quietly, and the garrison made arrangements to take up the march for Fort Wayne next morning.

About ten o'clock next day a shout was heard, then the crack of a rifle, and two persons were seen running from the bank of the Chicago river toward the fort.

"Whirlwind Jack!" cried the captain.

"Wot yer goin' ter do, cap?" cried Jack, on entering the gate, and seeing the wagons loaded and the mules harnessed to them. The captain explained that they were going to retreat to Fort Wayne, as the commanding general had ordered.

"Don't yer do et, cap. Ther Potts are jist waitin' ter git yer outside o' this 'ere fort, an' then they'll cut yer ter pieces."

"They claim they are friendly."

"They claim er lie. Didn't they jist now try ter stop me and Redskin thar?" and Jack appealed to Black Partridge, who stood at the gate leaning on his rifle. The Indian merely grunted, and Jack went on:

"I throwed one on 'em cold, an' ef yer a mind to, ye'll find 'em carryin' off his body now. I tell yer they're er set o' onnery, lyin' skunks, an' ef yer go, ye'll be sorry fur et," said Jack.

But the captain had received his orders from his superior commander, and felt compelled to obey them. He said that they were nearly ready, and would start in an hour.

"Well, cap, I reckon et air right fur yer to obey Ginerall Hull, but Ginerall Hull air er blasted fool—that's all I gotter say erbout him."

Jack, finding that he could not induce the captain to forego the mad plan of evacuating the fort, went to find the sut-

ler's wagon. On the way he met Mrs. Heald, the captain's wife.

"Jack, have you returned?" she said. "I was afraid that I would never see you again."

"Now, Missus Heald, don't yer be er frettin' erbout me. Ther redskin war never born ez will rub Jack out."

"You are so young, you are only a boy, Jack, and I have such an interest in you. You seem like my own brother, and I cannot help being uneasy when you are gone."

"Don't yer go ter talkin' ter me soft kinder, that erway, fur I ain't used ter it, Missus Heald. I tell yer we air goin' ter hev trouble, but me and Pat, I mean my redskin Black Partridge, will stand by yer all. Don't be skeered. Say, Missus Heald, d'yer know er Britisher named Andrew Jones?"

The woman's face turned deathly pale, and she gasped:

"Yes, I did know him."

"Waal, yer got ter look out fur that air chap. He's meaner nur any redskin."

Jack was about to go to the sutler's wagon, where he knew the sutler's pretty daughter, Sally, only a year or two younger than himself, was waiting for him, when Mrs. Heald seized his arm, and said:

"Stop, Jack, what do you know about Andrew Jones?"

"Waal, Missus Heald, I saw Capen Andrew Jones er-talkin' with some redskins in ther woods, an' he war hirin' 'em ter carry yer off."

The woman clasped her hands and gasped for breath. Jack, with all his rudeness characteristic of a frontier life, had some fineness of feeling, and realizing what he had done, said:

"Now, blame et, I've made er fool o' myself. I'll tell cap all when I git er chance, but I won't say anything more ter you. Black Partridge air goin' ter be yer guardin' angel, while I take keer o' Sally."

It was useless to question Whirlwind Jack further, and, in fact, there was no time, for Mrs. Heald saw that the troops were parading on the grounds ready to commence the march, and she went and mounted her horse, to take her place by the side of her husband.

Jack hurried to the sutler's wagon, and from under the cover saw a bright young face watching for him.

"Jack, Jack!"

"Oh, Sally, thar ye air!" cried Jack.

At this moment the order was given to march. There came the sound of fife and drum, and the soldiers wheeled into line and started out of the fort. The wagons next began to move.

The fort was evacuated, and with Captain Wells and his sixteen Miamis in advance, the little garrison left the village of Chicago and started across the sands to the great prairie. The Pottawatomies who had promised to escort them to Fort Wayne disappeared over the great sand hill on the east of Fort Dearborn, where the city of Chicago now stands, the moment the Americans began the march.

"Now yer kin look out fur trouble," said Whirlwind Jack to Captain Heald.

Captain Wells, being mounted, was sent ahead with his Miamis to reconnoiter. When they were out of sight Captain Heald said:

"You can go, too, Jack."

The young messenger started up the hill, when he saw Wells come galloping like the wind down the hill, crying:

"Form—form! Form for battle! They are going to attack us!"

At the same moment there came a rattling crash of firearms from over the hill, and bullets whistled like hail about Jack and Black Partridge.

Jack and his companion fired, and the soldiers charged gallantly up the hill, but assailed by overwhelming numbers were driven back almost to the wagons.

"Give et to 'em!" roared Whirlwind Jack, who seemed a fiend incarnate in a fight.

He dashed right in the face of the enemy and was soon surrounded. He cut his way through and was back to the wagons again. The soldiers were falling on every side. Ensign Roman fell fighting as a hero should. Mrs. Heald shot a savage dead, but her own horse was killed, and as she fell to the ground she was assailed by an Indian.

"Don't kill her!" cried another Indian in perfect English, and to her horror she recognized the voice as Andrew Jones, her bitter enemy, disguised as an Indian.

Next moment she was snatched away by another Indian and dragged away toward the lake.

Whirlwind Jack, seeing that defeat was certain, ran toward the sutler's wagon. He heard a shriek, and saw Sally dragged from the wagon, and at the same moment a dozen Indians sprang between him and the captive maiden.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNCIL IN THE FOREST.

"Git out o' ther road, yer tarnil merhogany skinned skunks, hyar comes Whirlwind Jack er-loomin'!" roared the irrepressible young scout, and firing his pistols at the savages who stood between him and the sutler's wagon, he fell upon them with his clubbed gun, fighting like a monster.

"Sally, Sally, whar air yer?" he called.

The girl's parents lay dead by the side of the wagon, and he began to fear she had shared their fate, until a wild shriek but a short distance away told him that she still lived, and turning his eyes in that direction, he saw her being borne toward the lake by a big burly savage.

In a moment Whirlwind Jack was at the side of the Indian, and at one powerful blow had laid him on the sand.

He seized the half-fainting girl in his arms, and ran with her into the woods along the banks of the Chicago.

The conflict still raged about the wagons. Captain Heald, aided by his brave lieutenant, rallied the soldiers again and again, and tried in vain to defend the wagons and helpless women and children. They were driven back and beaten down until a mere handful remained, and then on being assured that they would be spared and treated with kindness, they laid down their arms and surrendered.

Mrs. Heald, as the reader will remember in the last chapter, had recognized the voice of Captain Andrew Jones, disguised as an Indian. At this moment her horse had been shot from under her, and she was seized by an Indian and hurried away to the lake.

When they reached the water, the Indian plunged into it with her, and soon they were immersed almost to their necks.

Mrs. Heald was a brave woman, and fought her captor desperately, until she saw that his object was not to drown her.

"White squaw no fight good Injun," said her captor.

That voice was pleasantly familiar, and giving his face a searching glance, she exclaimed:

"Black Partridge, the white man's friend!"

"Ugh!" grunted the Winnebago brave.

"Why do you bring me here?" she asked.

"Keep white squaw from being kill," he answered, in his broken English.

"Black Partridge, I thank you. Can you tell me how the battle is going?"

The Indian, still holding the woman's head just above the water to keep her from drowning, glanced at the shore where the conflict was raging, and answered:

"White man no beat Indians. Too many Pottawatomies and fight much. Kill white men."

Black Partridge knew that it would be dangerous for them to remain long at the edge of the lake, and cautioning the

lady to keep quiet, to lean on his shoulder, and depend on him, he slung his rifle over his back and began swimming slowly along, keeping near the shore and making his way toward the mouth of the Chicago river.

Black Partridge, by keeping well under the banks and swimming low in the water, was not observed, and was thus enabled to gain the dense wood that grew along the Chicago.

"We get out now—ugh! Walk!" grunted the savage.

Although Mrs. Heald was almost frantic with anxiety and grief, she was a sensible woman, and knew that she could do her husband no good if she was with him. He was either dead or a captive, and in either case she would be better off with her Indian friend than with him.

They waded ashore where there was a dense grove of cottonwoods, and went along the banks of the river for a mile, when they paused for Mrs. Heald to rest.

They were now in a dense part of the wood, and yet not so far away but that they could hear the wild yells of the victors, who occasionally shot some unfortunate wretch that was trying to escape.

Suddenly another sound fell on their ears. The noise was a slow, creeping sound, as of someone stealing through the dense thicket of hazel just above them. It was just such a sound as a savage would make who was creeping on them to get a shot. The sound, faint as it was, did not escape the keen ear of the Indian. Quick as thought his ever-ready rifle is raised.

"Hold on thar, Pat!" said a low, cautious voice.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian, lowering his gun until the breech rested on the ground.

"Come on, Sally, et air all right. Only my partner, Black Pat," said a voice, and the next moment there came from the bushes Whirlwind Jack and the sutler's daughter, Sally Butler.

"Mrs. Heald—Mrs. Heald!" cried Sally, rushing to the captain's wife. Next moment the two women were clasped in each other's arms.

They went half a mile further and halted in a very dense thicket to hold a consultation, and determine what they would do. Mrs. Heald and Sally were so anxious to learn something of the fate of their friends with the army train, that Whirlwind Jack at last consented, though much against his better judgment, to go back and reconnoiter the battlefield and if possible learn something of the fate of Captain Heald. The fate of the sutler and his wife was already known, but Jack had not yet told Sally they were dead.

Black Partridge was left with the women, and Jack went back to the bloody sands where the conflict had raged an hour before. At last he came to where the woods grew more scarce, and he saw through the trees in the distance a wagon.

Slowly and cautiously, leaving a track in the sand, the youth crawled. At last a sand heap was reached, and from behind it he gazed at the group of savages nearest him.

The whole plain was covered with wagons and dead horses and plunder, with here and there a ghastly body stretched lifeless on the sands.

But at the wagon nearest Jack saw a dozen Indians gathered about some goods that had been taken from it. He recognized one of the Indians by his plumes as a chief of the band. They were all intoxicated with victory and liquor, and talking so wildly that Jack did not understand all they said, though he knew the Pottawatomie language quite well.

"Chipmunk big thief!" cried the chief, brandishing his tomahawk toward the Indian who had excited his dislike.

Chipmunk was a young, athletic Indian who had derived his name from his rapidity of movement and his swiftness of foot, as well as skill in dodging missiles. This peculiar skill the Indians thought had some resemblance to the animal for which he had been named.

The culprit's crime, as Jack afterward learned, was taking more than his share of liquor.

The chief was so enraged that he ordered him to leave the band, and, raising his tomahawk, hurled it at him.

Nothing but Chipmunk's extraordinary skill in dodging saved his life.

Breathing threats of vengeance, the Indian ran swift as an antelope toward the woods, and the savages, either too drunk or too much preoccupied in looking over their prizes, did not follow him.

The flight of Chipmunk took him past the sand pile where the youthful scout lay, and he rose and followed him as soon as he dared. The trail left by Chipmunk was unerringly followed, and the youthful scout came upon him in an hour, hiding among some alder bushes.

Jack knew that in this Indian, driven from his tribe, hated and despised by his chief, they might find a faithful ally.

"Chipmunk," he said, as he suddenly rose from behind a stump within ten paces of the Indian, "hyar, put down that air gun," cried Jack, as the savage raised his rifle to shoot. "Ef yer don't drop it, mighty quick, too, I'll bore yer through the head!"

Chipmunk understood either his words or his gestures, and he dropped the gun and stood trembling before the white youth, believing himself a captive.

"See hyar, Injun, I ain't ergoin' ter hurt yer. I heerd that air little fuss yer had over thar with yer red brother, an' they treated yer so mean that I come ter ax yer ter jine us."

He explained his meaning more fully to the savage, and he consented to cast his lot with the white youth and fight his former friends. From him he learned that the captain's life had been spared, but that he was a prisoner among the savages, and was claimed by Captain Jones, an Englishman, among the savages.

When Jack returned to the camp and told Sally and the captain's wife what he had learned, they were for the time being relieved from anxiety. Sally knew that the very worst had happened to her parents, and while she mourned for them she was no longer anxious. Mrs. Heald began to hope that her husband would escape.

"Now, ye two redskins," said Whirlwind Jack to his two Indian companions, "I want ter hold er council o' war."

The result of the conference was the generally accepted opinion that they were all in a pretty close place, and that the best thing to do was to try to get to Fort Wayne if that retreat was not entirely cut off, and if it was, they were then to attempt to escape on the lake.

This decision had just been reached when there came a yell in the forest not a fourth of a mile away.

Jack leaped to his feet, and snatching his rifle in his hand, cried:

"Injuns, by hokey, boys. Grab yer guns and let us git up an' git out o' ther wilderness. Say, gals, we gotter travel."

CHAPTER V.

FLIGHT DOWN THE CHICAGO.

"Sally, be yer most tuckered out?"

"Yes, Jack, I can't run much farther."

Mrs. Heald, who up to this time had uttered no word of complaint, gave the youthful scout a look of anxiety, and said:

"I too am nearly exhausted, but still I hear those terrible Indians coming after us."

"Ef we kin keep 'em erway until night comes we may steal off frum ther redskins," said Jack.

In fact, that was their only hope, and Black Partridge, who was silent and thoughtful, knew it.

Night came at last. It found the fugitives tired and hungry. Jack had some dried venison in a leather pouch which he

divided among them, insisting that they should all eat in order to preserve their strength.

They made a very short halt soon after dark, and then set out through the forest and darkness. They had not gone far before Whirlwind Jack said:

"Stop!"

When they came to a halt he held a short consultation with Black Partridge in the Indian tongue, and then, leaving the two Indians to guard the two females, he crept away into the woods, and was gone for half an hour.

At last, just as Sally had almost come to the conclusion that Jack had been slain by some of the savages, the form of the daring youth was seen slowly making his way back toward the spot where they stood.

"See hyar," he whispered. "We got ter change our course. Thar air er hundred red niggers ef thar's one layin' low fur us out on ther prairie."

"Then we can't cross the prairie?"

"Waal, not thar. Ef we cross et at all, we must go lower down, yer know."

Three more places fully a mile apart were tried, and at every one strong bands of Indians were on guard to leap on the fugitives the moment they appeared on the open plain.

"Look hyar, folks," said the youthful scout, at last returning quite discouraged to where they were. "Et ain't no use in talkin', lemme tell yer; we've got to give Fort Wayne up."

"Must we give ourselves up to the Indians?" Sally asked.

"Not much, gal, unless yer want ter be roasted erlive. No, we got ter go right back whar we come from."

"Oh, Jack!" cried Sally. The thought of retracing those long, weary miles through the forest, and of braving anew the dangers, seemed to almost overpower the sutler's daughter. "I don't believe that I can ever walk back; I am so tired."

"Waal, Sally, I ain't ergoin' ter desert anybody. Ef ye give out yer know I will see that ye're carried by ther redskins or myself."

Their return to the Chicago river was very slow and painful. It was fully midnight when they reached the banks of the stream, and Mrs. Heald and Sally sank down upon the banks almost exhausted.

They were in the region of their trapping grounds, and Jack knew that they must have a boat quite near the place where they had halted.

He left Chipmunk as guard with the women, and he and Black Partridge set out to hunt for the boat.

They were slowly and carefully pressing on through the darkness and parting the bushes with their hands, when the boy and Indian both came to a halt at the same moment.

Both had heard something.

Jack was near a large oak tree, the branches of which were low enough for him to reach them from the ground.

He took hold of one of the lower branches and swung himself up into the tree, halting astride of the branch, and gazed out into the darkness. There was no moon, but it was not quite so dark but that objects, from under the deep shades of the trees, could be seen.

The young scout saw a large, portly Indian step suddenly out from the woods into a small spot of prairie ground.

He had a short rifle in his hand, and was in full war paint.

The youth at this moment glanced at Black Partridge, who had seen the same object. The Winnebago glanced at Jack for his approval, and Jack nodded.

Placing his rifle against the tree, Black Partridge crept in a roundabout way through the woods, and came to a point a rod or two in the rear of the brave.

After a few moments the brave turned about and went back into the bushes from whence he had come.

The youth knew what would follow, and it was not long in

coming about. There was a slight struggle, a smothered scream which could not have been heard twenty paces away, and all was over.

"Air thar any more, Pat?"

"No close."

Jack descended, and they took a path that led to the river. They reached the bank at a point where a narrow stream flowed into it.

Along this narrow stream the trees grew so close to the water's edge that they overlapped and formed a complete covering overhead.

The boy scout sat down on the bank of the river, while Black Partridge disappeared among the bushes and was gone about ten minutes, when there fell a rustling sound upon Jack's ears, and a moment later a dark object came gliding from an inlet.

Black Partridge paddled the boat slowly in to shore. It was a large dug-out, much larger than is usually found among the Indians. Jack sprang into it, and then the Indian paddled it slowly along the bank, until they came to where their friends were waiting.

They all crept into the boat, and it began the voyage. At almost the first dip of the paddle, there rose a wild, unearthly yell of savages from the spot where Black Partridge had had the encounter with the savage, and Whirlwind Jack said:

"Thar, they hev found ther body. Now, red niggers, paddle fur yer lives."

He placed his rifle in the bottom of the boat, and seizing a paddle himself, helped to send the boat flying down the dark, narrow river.

CHAPTER VI.

FATE OF CHIPMUNK.

Again there rose on the air a dismal death howl.

It was caught up by other Indians along the river up and down, and the woods seemed alive with screeching demons.

Turning to Black Partridge, Jack said:

"Pat, look down ther river."

The Indian did as directed.

"Ugh! Fire!"

"Thort so. I want ter apprise yer, my friends, o' ther fact that we can't escape by ther river," Jack coolly remarked.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Heald.

"Them tarnal merhogany-skinned skunks o' red niggers hev gone an' kindled er fire along ther bank so we can't git by without bein' seen."

Every eye was now turned down the river, and all saw the great flame issuing from the woods, showing that the Indians were building bonfires everywhere to find the fugitives.

The fires were blazing brightly not more than a mile down the stream, and Jack knew they could not go much further by boat without being discovered.

They went as near to the first fire as they dared, and then crossing over on the other side, halted for a consultation.

Mrs. Heald and Sally were landed and the canoe drawn up to shore.

The captain's wife was some distance away from Jack and his Indians, while they held the consultation, and had no idea what plan they were discussing, until they began making effigies out of wood, straw, and bark, and began placing them in the boat.

The skill of an Indian in making an effigy out of rude materials is truly remarkable, and it was not many moments before they had five figures sitting in the boat, which, at a short distance away, had considerable resemblance to human beings, especially when aided by the deceitful flickering firelight.

There were two fixed up to resemble the woman and the

girl, and with some red soft stone two were painted and rigged out like Indians.

The fifth figure was made to resemble Jack.

The boat was ready and pushed into the stream with its load of effigies. Black Partridge waded in the water some distance after it, and then swam until it was in the middle of the stream, steering it so it would go right end first.

Then he let it go and returned to his friends.

The decoy glided on down the stream, and without waiting to learn what the Indians did with it, the youthful scout and his companions started away as rapidly as they could toward the lake.

Sally was about to declare that she could go no further, when there rang out along the opposite side of the river bank a volley of rifle and musket shots. Wild yells went up on the air, which were caught up by different parties in the woods on both sides of the stream. Then there was a rush from all parts of the forest to that particular spot.

"Let's git over ground while we kin," said Jack. "They all run down thar ter see who et war thet war shootin', an' we kin git over er good deal o' ground afore they find out ther joke."

It was impossible to get Sally and Mrs. Heald to run. They both had sore feet, and were unable to go at a brisker pace than a slow walk.

Jack then asked the Indians to carry them, but even this did not increase their pace very much.

For a few moments there was a constant fusillade of rifles and muskets in the direction of the river, but it was followed by loud yells of rage and disappointment.

"Thar, by jemany, ther cat's out o' ther bag!" cried Whirlwind Jack. "Them redskins will be madder nur hornets now."

The ruse served them a good purpose for awhile, however. The Indians did not give up their purpose of finding the whites, though for an hour or two they were at fault.

Runners were sent through the forest in various directions: The swiftest young men in the tribe were detailed for this duty, and Jack knew they would meet some of them before daylight.

They had been for two hours making their way slowly and painfully through the woods, when Jack suddenly whispered: "Down!"

When they had dropped to the earth they could hear the sound of footsteps approaching them, and Jack glided forward. In a moment he was engaged in a terrible hand-to-hand fight with two young braves. He stabbed one with his knife, but the wounded redskin got away and went howling back to his companions. Jack knocked the other down, and called to his companions to hurry on at once.

A glance at the east showed him that day was dawning. The fugitives had spent the night in fruitless efforts to escape the band of savages that completely environed them.

Just as the first faint peep of dawn began to tint the eastern horizon with gold, Jack said:

"See hyar, ye redskins, I've got er idee, an' I want ter know wot yer think erbout et."

They had paused in a bit of low ground where they were screened from observation by some bushes. The women had been placed in a deep ravine, and told to wait there until Jack and Black Partridge came for them.

"Now, my idee air this," said Jack, pointing to a hill about a mile away, on which could be seen a dozen Indians. "Them Injuns air all thet keep us from ther lakes, and when once we git thar we got er show, don't yer see?"

If the Indians did see, they did not let on, and so Jack continued:

"Maybe them redskins over thar don't know that Chipmunk hyar hev come over on our side, and ef he'll go over thar, and

tell all ther Injuns he sees thet ther whites they air lookin' fur, air ercross ther river, an' fur them ter come with him, an' he'll show 'em to 'em, we kin escape, an' ef he don't do this afore ther sun is a hour high, we'll every one be scalped, an' Black Partridge knows et."

Black Partridge grunted his approval of the plan, and Chipmunk, without any ceremony, started away through the woods and across the low bottom lands. They watched him as far as they could see him, and when he disappeared they continued to watch the hill. Chipmunk did not appear in sight again, and in a few minutes later the Indians were seen to leave the ridge.

"Now, let's git them female critters an' be movin' right pert, Pat, ur by tarnation we may git our hair lifted."

Stimulated by the hope of soon being beyond danger, the captain's wife and the sutler's daughter walked much brisker than they had done for hours.

It was nearly daylight by this time, though the sun had not risen.

They came to the foot of the hill, which was partly covered with trees and partly with grass. Here Jack called a halt and said:

"Et may be all right up thar, yer know, an' mayn't. We dun know until we kinder investergate ther matter, yer know. Now, I want yer female women folks ter stay right here among these 'ere bushes an' this grass until me an' Pat go up ther hill an' reconnoiter er bit, ez ther captin sez."

Mrs. Heald promised to remain with Sally and do all she could to keep that nervous individual quiet.

Jack and his red companion, with their rifles in their hands, started up the hill, carefully creeping through the grass and bushes.

"Stop, Pat; don't yer see Chipmunk?"

"Yes."

"Thar he stands up thar under that air tree, waitin' fur us."

They crept farther and farther to where the Indian stood under a tree, leaning on his rifle.

"Say, Pat, looks like he war ersleep."

Pat made no answer, and they crept nearer and nearer. They were within five paces of Chipmunk when they discovered the terrible truth. The Indian was dead. He had been stabbed to the heart, and tied up to the tree to deceive them.

Suddenly there rose a shriek from down the hill.

"Run, Pat, run, they've cotched our gals," yelled Jack, and like a tornado he tore down the hill where Mrs. Heald and Sally were struggling in the grasp of a dozen savages, headed by a British officer.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN HEALD AND HIS WIFE.

"Clar out thar, yer tarnashun red niggers!" roared Whirlwind Jack, and like a tornado he swept down upon the Indians. Crack! went the rifle.

Crack! went the gun of Black Partridge.

The Indians would have fled from the fury of the attack but for the determination and coolness of the British officer.

"Hold, you red sons of the forest!" he cried.

"Don't fly from two men. You are a score in number and more coming."

"Take that, yer onnery, white-livered skunk!" roared Jack, and whipping out a pistol he fired at the officer.

The bullet struck one of his shoulder knots and caused him to stagger.

Jack, supposing he had killed him, shot at an Indian with his second pistol, and then clubbing his rifle, rushed at his foes. Jack and Black Partridge fought more like demons than human beings.

But odds were against them. The Indians fired their rifles

at them, but they seemed to shed bullets like rain, until the superstitious Pottawatomies came to the conclusion that they held charmed lives.

The British officer, who had recovered, drew his sword and tried to run Jack through, but instead was knocked down with the butt of his gun.

"Pat, we got ter git out o' this!" cried Jack, as he heard the yell of more Indians coming to reinforce those with whom they were already fighting.

With a whoop, Jack, having cleared the redskins from about him, leaped away into the bushes.

Black Partridge followed his example, and loading their guns as they ran they soon reached the wood.

"Don't let them escape you!" cried the British officer to the Indians, who paused a moment, appalled by the terrible onslaught of Jack and his Indian companion.

With a wild whoop an ambitious young brave leaped up the hill, followed by half a score of his companions.

Jack and the Indian heard them coming, and they took positions behind trees, fired at the foremost, and continued to retreat and load and fire, until the savages decided that it was best not to pursue them any further.

Captain Jones did not make any effort to pursue Whirlwind Jack and Black Partridge himself; but after sending those Indians on the chase he went to where the others with the two female captives were.

The captain was not in Indian costume and paint on this occasion, and he was recognized at once by Mrs. Heald.

"So, Captain Andrew Jones, it is to you I am indebted for being a prisoner?" said Mrs. Heald.

"Well, yes, to some extent," he coolly answered.

"Is that a white man?" cried Sally. "Oh, yes, it is a white man! How glad I am! Say, mister, can't you save us? You won't let us be roasted alive by the savages, will you?"

"Don't appeal to him for mercy, Sally," said Mrs. Heald. "One of the very worst of these savages is an angel of mercy compared to that monster."

"Well, Nelly Heald, you have a very poor opinion of me," said the officer, with a wicked smile.

"I know you."

"You hate me, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"And you hate me and my husband in return."

"Well, you are not far wrong. The time was, Nelly, when I loved you, but you rejected me with scorn, and preferred the man of all men in the world whom I hated most, Captain Heald, and so now I have changed in my sentiments toward you."

"Give us over to the Indians and let them do their worst with us," said Mrs. Heald.

"Oh, no, not yet."

"I suppose you are reserving us for slow torture, are you not?"

"Don't you want to see your husband?"

She fixed her keen eyes on him, and thought that she saw some new torture designed for her in his wicked look.

"Yes, I want to see him, and if I can get my arms free I will fight for him, until your Indians have cut me to pieces."

"I will take care that you do not."

By this time the savages sent in pursuit of Whirlwind Jack and Black Partridge came back.

"Did you get them?" the captain asked of one of the runners.

"No."

The Englishman was on the west side of the river with but a small number of the Pottawatomies. He knew it would be dangerous to remain long in the woods with two such terrible

foes as Whirlwind Jack and Black Partridge in such close proximity, so he ordered the Indians to take the captives down to the river, where a boat was ready to convey them to Fort Dearborn.

It was nearly noon when the fort was reached. It was already in a dilapidated condition from the ravages of the Indians.

Mrs. Heald hoped that she would be permitted to see her husband at once, but in this she was disappointed, for she was confined in one of the houses that was left in the village, while her husband was kept in a part of the barracks within the fort.

"Mrs. Heald, do you suppose that we can hire the Indians to let us get away?" Sally asked.

"I doubt it, child."

"Oh, dear; then there is nothing to do but roast."

"No; while there is life there is hope. We must try every plan that we can think of to escape."

"I have been trying to think of a dozen plans, but I can't think of one," answered Sally.

Mrs. Heald made no answer. A long silence followed, after which the girl asked:

"Do you suppose Jack and Black Partridge escaped?"

"I think they did. I heard one of the Indians tell Captain Jones they did."

"Then there is hope."

"Why?"

"Jack will come and rescue us."

Mrs. Heald did not take very much comfort in this, for what could two men do against so many hundred savages? The night set in dark and gloomy. The prisoners sat on a cot until overpowered with exhaustion and loss of sleep; they laid down on the cot and closing their eyes were in a few moments, despite all their perils, asleep.

It was after midnight that Mrs. Heald awoke with a start, and seized Sally's arm.

"What is the matter?" the frightened girl asked.

"Hush, do you hear nothing?"

"Yes, I hear a struggle outside."

"Keep quiet; don't say a word."

"I won't. What do you think it is?" Sally asked.

"I don't know, but we have friends near here."

Mrs. Heald was right. In a few moments all was quiet outside. In fact, there had been but very little noise.

Then they heard a footstep at the door. The door was slowly pushed open.

"Whist!" said a voice.

"Is there anyone in there, cap?"

"I will see."

Mrs. Heald must have had excellent control over her emotions, or she would have shrieked with joy, for she recognized the voice of her husband.

"John, it is me," she whispered.

The captain groped his way to her and said:

"Come; we have disposed of the guards, and the way is clear."

"Come, Sally, there is a chance!" whispered Mrs. Heald.

Mrs. Heald could not resist the temptation to ask her husband how he had escaped, and he told her they had been rescued by Whirlwind Jack and Black Partridge, who, disguised as Pottawatomies, had boldly entered the fort, and were placed to guard the prisoners.

Two soldiers, Mike and Bob, had escaped with the captain.

They joined the others, who were waiting just outside the door, and the entire party, rescued and rescuers, started off towards the woods, hoping to get out of the neighborhood of the enemy as soon as possible.

The men who had been rescued had taken the precaution to supply themselves with arms at the expense of the enemy.

"Now, look yere, friends," whispered Whirlwind Jack, as soon as they were outside of the hut in which Sally and Mrs. Heald had been imprisoned, "we got ter git up ther lake an' find er boat ter take us ter Detroit, ur we'll hev er mighty hard spell o' sickness."

"Can't we go to Fort Wayne?" asked the captain.

"No. Ther prairie air ten foot deep with redskins watchin' ter cut us off. But Hull hev gone back ter Detroit, an' that air the place fur us. Hush! hello! D'yer hear that?"

"What?"

"Injuns ahead o' us. Look out!"

A blinding flash and volley of deafening reports was the answer.

"Redskins, by ther tarnation, cap. Now, come on, boys, an' chaw me up fur buffler meat ef we don't make 'em smoke."

With a wild war-whoop half a hundred Indians rose before them, and rushed on the escaping prisoners and their rescuers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HATED BRITON.

The little band of brave men poured in a volley that caused the Indians before them to recoil.

Jack led the example, charging on the Indians and firing both his pistols. Then, with the butt of his gun, he knocked one of the savages down.

He was ably seconded by others, and the savages began to give way from the furious assault, and before reinforcements came up from the Indians the men had cut their way through and fled to the woods.

Jack halted when he reached the woods, and said:

"Waal, let's pull up an' take er leetle look eround, yer know. Air all hyar?"

In the darkness, the confusion, and excitement it was impossible to tell if all had escaped or not.

"My wife, is she here?" asked the captain.

There was no answer.

"Sally, air you hyar?" Jack asked. But Sally made no answer.

"They are neither here," whispered the anxious captain.

"S'pect yer erbout right, cap. Now, you fellers jist lay kinder low hyar an' lemme hev er chance ter take er squint. I'll see wot air ther matter."

Jack, clutching his rifle in one hand and his dangerous hunting-knife in the other, set out through the darkness alone.

Captain Heald watched his form until it was out of sight and sat down.

Jack had been gone almost half an hour when he returned.

"Cap, them reds hev got ther gals agin," said the youthful scout.

"What are we going to do?"

"We got ter git 'em back. Come."

Jack led the party about two miles up the lake, where they halted in a dense wood near the water's edge until morning.

Then the youth, making his Indian disguise more complete, left the rescued white men with Black Partridge, and set off alone through the forest to the Indian camp about Fort Dearborn. He went boldly among the savages, depending wholly on his disguise. He found them very much puzzled over the escape of the prisoners the night before. They had come to the conclusion that the prisoners had effected their own escape, and had taken off the two guards with them.

Jack found the savages about the fort very busy making arrangements to leave it. He found Mrs. Heald and Sally, but of course did not dare make himself known to them.

When he found Sally looking at him too steadfastly, and he began to fear she might recognize something familiar

about him, he suddenly gave utterance to a loud "Wah!" and shook his scalping knife in the air in such a threatening manner that she turned her face in another direction.

What made Jack's blood boil was the treatment of Mrs. Heald by the hated Briton. He taunted her in every way he could, and told her that she should yet see the savages dance around her husband while he burned at the stake.

Having said all that his artful brain could invent in the way of torture for the unfortunate victim, the captain turned about and walked away.

Mrs. Heald still sat with her head bowed and her eyes closed, when she heard a faint whisper at her side. The voice said:

"Don't yer be out o' heart, Mrs. Heald; we'll carcumwent ther onnery skunks yet."

She quickly opened her eyes and looked about in every direction, but saw no one save the sulky-looking Indian who stood at her side leaning on his rifle.

She saw, however, that his eyes were fixed on her, and there came a wink which told her as much as volumes might have done. In an instant she understood it all. The Indian at her side was her friend Whirlwind Jack in disguise. Had not Mrs. Heald had wonderful self-possession, she would surely have betrayed her emotions in some way, but she exhibited none of the joy she felt. Whirlwind Jack was alive and near her—she could trust him to rescue her.

The pretended Indian watched his chance when no one was looking and whispered:

"Ther capen got erway all rigfht. Don't yer worry erbout him, fer Black Partridge an' ther two sojers air with him, an' they air in er leetle place whar I don't think them pesky redskins air goin' ter find 'em."

At this moment two Indian braves came near, and all communication between Mrs. Heald and the youthful scout was at an end.

The young scout managed to keep close to either Mrs. Heald or Sally nearly all the time. He dared not make himself known to Sally, for if she suspected that help was near, she would be unable to conceal her joy.

It was late that afternoon that Jack discovered that the Briton and his Indians were making arrangements to leave the fort.

"Now, Nelly Heald," said Captain Jones, coming to the unfortunate woman, who was sitting by the door of one of the cabins, "I have come to inform you that we are going to leave Chicago for Malden just as soon as it is dark.

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, I have no objection to telling you. Hull has returned to Detroit, and Van Horn is on the march to join him, and Gen. Harrison is coming too close to Chicago to suit me, so we have decided to join Tecumseh and Brock."

She made no answer.

Mrs. Heald had come to know the youthful scout despite his disguise as a savage, and when Jack was near she felt strong.

The line of march was taken up as soon as it was dark, and then Whirlwind Jack was busy. He located Mrs. Heald in the line of march, and then went and hunted up Sally.

Sally was farther forward in the line of march than Mrs. Heald. The Indians moved slowly, for a rumor had reached them that a party of Kentucky rangers were on the march to cut them off, and they were moving very cautiously.

Captain Jones, who was a most consummate coward, and who realized that no mercy ought to be shown him if he should be captured by the whites, was considerably alarmed.

The frightened Briton had called a halt, and was consulting with some of the chiefs. A light had been discovered far up the coast, and it was thought the Kentuckians had built a fire

and were near in great force. The Kentuckians were much dreaded by the Indians.

Jack watched his opportunity, and when there was only one Indian standing near the prisoner he leaped on the savage, seized him by the throat, and in a moment choked him into insensibility. To tie the savage with deerskin thongs, of which he was well provided, was but the work of a moment, and then he quickly bound a gag over his mouth, and the Indian was completely helpless.

"Now, Mrs. Heald," Jack whispered, "jist yer foller me ez easy like ez yer kin, an' ye'll be out o' this in no time."

He stooped, and, raising the bound and helpless Indian in his arms, hurried away into the darkness. Mrs. Heald followed him, and they had just disposed of the Indian when they heard the sound of footsteps approaching.

"Stop, ledly," said Jack.

"Who is it?"

"Ther Britisher. I'll knock ther socks off'n him."

He pushed Mrs. Heald gently into the bushes, and like a crouched tiger waited for the hated Briton to come in his reach. They were several rods away from any of the savages, and Jack had resolved on a bold plan, but it was all that promised successful escape.

CHAPTER IX.

WHIRLWIND JACK IN A CLOSE PLACE.

The keen ear of Whirlwind Jack could easily distinguish the difference between a boot and a moccasin.

"That air onnery skunk is ther Britisher!" Jack thought, as with teeth set he gathered himself up for a spring.

"I wonder what the Indian did with Mrs. Heald?" the officer was asking himself aloud.

Suddenly a form seemed to spring up out of the earth. The Briton was seized by the windpipe and hurled to the ground.

Before he could utter a word all was over. He was unconscious and bound.

"Jack, have you done it?" the lady asked, creeping to his side.

"Done et, in course I hev done et. I ain't one that is goin' ter make any blunders, ye know."

He seized the British officer in his strong arms and slung him over his shoulder.

Fortunately for their plans the fire that had been seen blazing far up the lake, connected with some alarming intelligence about Kentuckians, had quite confused the Indians, and they were not as careful of their prisoners as they might have otherwise have been.

As Jack carried the captain in an opposite direction from the point where the fire had been seen, there was very little danger of his being discovered. Having carried the captain to a safe place, he threw him down at the root of a tree and examined the gag and his bonds to see that they had not been slipped.

"I say, Missus Heald, kin yer shoot?" asked Jack.

"Yes."

"Waal, this hyar feller's got er brace o' pistols in his belt, an' et seems ter me yer mought ez well hev 'em ez not."

Jack drew the pistols from the officer's belt and gave them to Mrs. Heald.

"Now I'm going ter look arter Sally. Jist stay right hyar until I bring her back."

Then Jack melted away into the darkness, and in a few moments was mingling with the Indians. The savages were a little awed at the mysterious disappearance of the British officer, and were almost ready to stampede.

"I wonder whar ther gal is?" said Jack, as he went about from place to place searching for Sally. He inquired of several of the Indians, and was at last told that she was at the

root of a big oak tree, about two hundred paces up the lake, guarded by two Indians.

Jack went boldly to the place where poor Sally sat at the root of the tree, quite disconsolate. He said to her:

"White squaw go with Injun?"

The two Indian sentries gazed at the pretended Indian through the gloom in wonder. One of them ventured to interpose in the Indian tongue, and asked him where he wished to take her. He answered that the white chief, the British officer, wanted the maiden sent to him, and that he had come for her.

"Now white squaw come go," he said, taking Sally by the arm.

"Let go of me, you nigger," cried Sally. "Don't you dare to touch me with your dirty black hand."

"Ugh! white squaw be bad!" said Jack, as she struck him a rap on the knuckles with her tender fist.

"Go away! I won't go with you."

Jack had dragged her a little distance from the puzzled guards by this time, and he said in a low tone:

"Sally, ef yer don't keep quiet, we'll both get our throats cut."

"Oh, Jack——"

But he slapped his hand over her mouth and commanded her in a stern whisper not to utter another word, or he would desert her to her fate.

Sally, menaced by such a terrible threat, became silent.

Jack was hurrying along with the maiden whom he had rescued as rapidly as he could, when he heard someone coming behind him. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice said in broken English:

"White maiden no go away."

"She will go away," Jack answered.

The young brave was about to give utterance to a war cry, when a blow from the fist of Whirlwind Jack laid him senseless on the ground.

"That's ther way ter finish up sich fellers ez he is," the youthful scout said, and bending down, he took the insensible Indian in his arms. He was not very heavy, and Jack soon hurled him into a thorn thicket.

"What is it, Jack? Will we escape?"

"If we don't act like er lot o' igeots we will, Sally, but I want ter tell yer that we air in er plaguey clus place. We air goin' ter hev some adventures afore we git out o' this."

There was a general murmur of excitement among the Indians.

"Somethin's up," Jack declared, and with Sally's hand in his own, he ran through the darkness and bushes in the direction of the spot where he had left Mrs. Heald.

Suddenly a piercing yell rent the air.

"Oh, Jack, what is that?" Sally asked.

"Hush, gal."

"Let us run."

"We must find Mrs. Heald fust."

"Where is she?"

Jack did not like to admit that he had missed his way, but in the darkness, made more dense by the fog rising from the lake, he had really lost his way.

"Sally, don't ax any questions. I'll find her yit."

Again that yell rang out on the air. It was a yell of rage and a warwhoop combined. Whirlwind Jack knew that one of the Indians he had knocked down had escaped, and they were looking for him.

"Jack, I am afraid——"

The sentence Sally was about to utter was cut short by the report of a pistol down under the hill.

Whirlwind Jack knew that the shot came from the place where he had left Mrs. Heald.

"Come on, Sally; we're in fur it now!"

Another shot, a wild, unearthly whoop followed by a shriek.

"Jack—Jack, someone has caught me too!" screamed Sally.

"Look hyar, yer tarnil onnery red skunk, let go that air gal!" thundered Jack, and with the butt of his gun he struck down the savage.

Next moment he was seized from behind and hurled to the ground.

Jack lost his gun in the sudden and unexpected fall, but he had his pistols, and quick as a flash he snatched one of his weapons and fired.

At the moment he pulled the trigger someone struck up his arm, and the bullet went humming through the air.

A shriek from Sally told that she too had been seized by some Indians, and when Jack tried to rise from his knees four or five stalwart Indians hurled themselves on him, while the air resounded with shrieks as if a thousand demons had been turned loose.

CHAPTER X.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

Jack was hurled flat on his back, but with the strength of a giant he suddenly threw the savages aside, and regaining his feet fired a second pistol.

This shot wounded one of the Indians in the face, and sent him howling away.

"Jack! Jack! Jack!" shrieked Sally, as she was being hurried away from the scene.

Again the savages made a determined rush on the white youth who had so long been a dread to them, and whom they now recognized despite his disguise.

Jack found himself assailed by fully a score, and went down under the sheer weight of numbers.

As his hand touched the ground it came in contact with his rifle.

At this moment there rang out the loud explosion of a gun, and the Indians about him uttering yells, released him, and some went howling away, beyond a doubt wounded.

A hand in the darkness seized Jack, who was almost unable to move, and dragged him into a dense thicket before the confusion had time to subside.

"Who'n tarnation hez got me, I'd like ter know!" he suddenly cried, as he came to the thicket.

"Whirlwind Jack, be danger!" whispered a voice in his ear.

"What! do my ears deceive? Air et raley Pat?"

"Hush—no talk!"

"All right, Pat; lead on."

"Come!"

"Pat, must we gin ther gals up?"

"This time must. Git 'em by an' by."

"All right, but mind yer, Pat, I ain't goin' ter be outdone."

The reader will understand, of course, that the Indians had found Mrs. Heald, and it was her pistols that the young scout had heard.

Despite her resistance, she was again made a prisoner, and Captain Andrew Jones released.

The savages had discovered that no large body of white men were near, and consequently they had entirely got over their scare.

Jack's companion, Black Partridge, led him three or four hundred rods along a ravine.

They came to a halt, and both listened for several moments in silence.

"Them onnery red skunks keep up er screechin' over thar ez if they hed done somethin' big," said the youthful scout. "Only retuk er couple o' gals, that air all. Jehosaphat, that ain't nuthin' ter be er screechin' an' yellin' erbout."

"White man go—white mans wait?" said Black Partridge.

"Say, Pat, whar air ther other fellows—ther cap'n an' his men?"

"Over hill."

"Waal, I'll go thar an' we'll hold a council o' war," said Jack, "but I know jest how et air goin' ter end. I am not goin' ter give Sally an' ther captin's wife up until I hev them both safe an' sound back from ermong ther red niggers."

They ran through the woods. At last they entered a deep ravine, and the Indian said:

"Stop!"

"Black Partridge, is that you?" asked a voice which Jack recognized as Captain Heald.

"Yes, et air Pat, an' me, too," Whirlwind Jack answered.

"Jack, what news do you bring?"

"'Tain't very good," said the youth, approaching the captain.

"My wife?"

"She air over thar ermong them pesky red skunks yit."

"Did you see her?"

"Yes, an' hed started to run away with her, but when I left her an' that onnery skunk o' a Britisher in ther bushes tied, an' went back after Sally, ther blasted Injuns came up an' gobbled up yer wife an' let ther Britisher go."

Captain Heald understood what the youth meant, even if his language was not very clear. He sighed and turned away. For a moment he was silent, and then he once more turned toward his companions and said:

"My brave men, we must not despair, nor must we stop in our efforts until we have rescued these helpless people!"

"Now yer talkin', cap. I jist come hyar ter hold er sort o' council o' war, an' then I'm off agin ter ther redskins. I'm goin' ter make it so blasted hot fur 'em thet they'll be more than willin' ter let them gals go."

"Do you say that the Indians are deserting Fort Dearborn?"

"Yas."

"I wonder what they have done with the cannon?"

"Couldn't say."

"They perhaps had not found them. And there is some ammunition for those very guns in the old dry well."

"Yer put it in thar?"

"Yes; and now if we had a large boat of some kind that could sail on the lake, we might arm it with those guns, and could defy all the Indians."

"Waal, cap, why not make er boat?"

"Could we do it?"

"Could we? Can't we do anything? Great goodness, jist show me anything that a Yankee can't do, and I'll call et impossible!"

"Let us first get the women from the Indians. Do you think they will go any further to-night?"

"No, an' may not fur some days. But now air ther time ter strike, cap. Now lemme gin yer this plan."

"Well, what is it?"

Captain Heald had such implicit confidence in his boy messenger that he was willing to listen to any suggestion that he might make.

"My plan air this. Do you an' ther sojers, Bob an' Mike, set out for ther fort at once."

"What for?"

"Them Injuns air gone, an' yer must hunt up them two cannon an' git them ter ther nearest place ter ther shore whar ther redskins won't find 'em."

"Well, what then?"

"Git tergether all ther timbers yer kin, an' make er raft. Hunt up every ax, hatchet, an' hammers, nails an' spikes. We will need 'em all."

"Jack, I see through your plan now."

"When we git ther raft made, hev ther bow end sharp, an'

make sails fur et like er boat. We will then put er breastwork o' logs eround et an' hev er regular war boat."

"But how are we to make this boat without the Indians hearing and seeing us, and understanding what we are doing?"

"Thar air some boats an' some canoes thet kin be used ter git out on that air island. Git everything thar, an' then ther Injuns can't see us nor hear ther hammers an' axes."

The island to which the young scout referred to was a small, densely wooded island of less than two acres, that stood between two and three miles from the shore. It was covered with a dense growth of tall, coarse grass, low, scrubby bushes and trees.

This island is what is to-day known as the crib, and a long pier with a breakwater extends almost if not quite to it. The city water works are erected from the island. Not a single bush remains on it to-day, and, in fact, but few people know that it was ever an island.

The officer saw that the plan of floating off the timbers and logs to the island, and the use of the boats in transporting the small guns and ammunition was a matter of the utmost importance. It would all have to be done very quietly, and under the cover of darkness, or they would fail.

Fortunately for their plan the night was exceedingly dark. The captain and his two faithful soldiers left the young scout and the Indian, and proceeded to the fort.

Everything seemed to be favorable to their enterprise. They gathered the lumber and logs in great heaps on the shore, and having found two skiffs that the Indians had not molested, they towed the material all over to the island, then returned for the guns, ammunition and tools with which they were to construct the war boat of the lake.

Meanwhile, the youth and his Indian companion were making their way back to the camp of the Pottawatomies.

"Look hyar, redskin, don't it appear ter you that them pesky red niggers air mighty quiet?" Jack asked in a whisper.

The Indian grunted.

"Wonder wot in ther tarnashun thunder they air doin'."

"Sleepin'."

"Not much. Ketch er weasel ersleep, will yer, an' then yer kin hev my sculp fer er shot pouch."

They crept nearer and still nearer to the camp of the savages, and at last Black Partridge clutched the arm of his young companion. Jack stopped short, and crouching close to the ground glanced before him. The youth understood the nature of the red men as well as Black Partridge, and he knew that there was an enemy near.

At last he caught sight of a shadow passing slowly before him. It was not a dozen paces away, and was crossing the very path along which they were wending their way.

The young scout laid his hand on the handle of his hunting knife, and glared at the Indian. He was like a hound held in the leash, and eager to get at his foe.

Black Partridge touched his arm as if to remind him of their danger, but it was not worth his while to go to that trouble, for Jack was a sensible youth, and there was no danger of his attacking the Indian sentry unless he had him at a disadvantage.

The Indian sentry passed behind a bush, and the two scouts waited long. A dead silence seemed to pervade the very air.

At last the Indian again appeared. He paused in the path within six paces of where Jack and Black Partridge were crouching. He stood for a moment as if hesitating whether to advance upon them or not. Then another shadow-like form glided silently as a passing cloud into the path. Though the night was moonless and starless, yet there was light enough by which they could see the two enemies.

A low, half-murmured and half-whispered dialogue followed between the two sentries, not more than half of which Jack

could understand. At last one of the Indians turned about and left the other standing alone in the path. His back was toward Jack, and that young hero could no longer resist the temptation. He rose like a hungry, enraged lion, and crouched for a spring. Black Partridge did not try to restrain him.

One powerful bound over the intervening space between himself and the Indian sentry and he landed at his side, and silently clasped his fingers about his throat.

It was a death clutch. The fingers tightened every moment, until the Indian ceased to breathe, and sank senseless to the ground.

Jack then bound and gagged the savage. He felt a strong inclination to draw his knife and end him then and there, but he had a strong aversion to taking human life unnecessarily, and determined not to do so.

The sentry was dragged to one side and Black Partridge given his place, while the youth went farther toward the camp.

He soon came in sight of the Indian who had been sent to inspect the post and was returning. The youthful scout kept close behind him, always holding the Indian in sight but never himself visible. Once or twice the Indian paused to listen as if he heard someone, but at each time Jack crouched among the grass and bushes, and the savage went on.

Jack still retained his disguise, and the Indians, fearing an attack from the party of Americans, small as their party was, had extinguished their fires so all was utter darkness. This, to a certain extent, aided Jack, though it subsequently came near proving his ruin.

By the merest accident he came upon both Mrs. Heald and the sutler's daughter. They were tied to a tree and guarded by a single Indian. Jack, who was prowling about the camp, was mistaken for one of their own number, and when questioned was enabled to answer in the Indian language all their questions. In a few moments he had knocked down the guide with the butt of a pistol, and with the two women was again making his way from the Indian camp.

"Now, tarnashun take et, ef I kin find Black Partridge we air all right," said the youthful scout. He was hurrying along as rapidly as he dared, when he suddenly saw before him the dusky form of his friend standing in the path leaning on his gun. It was so dark that only the outline of the sentry could be seen.

"Pat, Pat, air thet you?" Jack asked.

"Ugh!"

"Waal, now I'm ez glad ez ef I war owner of a speckled pig," Jack began.

But to his surprise he was seized by the supposed Black Partridge, a war whoop uttered, and the next instant he was engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight, with a powerful brave who was not Black Partridge.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAR BOAT.

Whirlwind Jack had made a serious mistake, and one that came near being fatal to himself. It was fatal to his plans, for Sally, seeing that their prospect of escape was cut off, at once set up a terrible screaming, which brought at first half a dozen, and then a hundred Indians about her. Black Partridge, who was only a few paces away from where Jack encountered the sentry, and who had retired to escape the observation of the lynx eyes of the roving scout, hastened to Jack's aid. One blow of his tomahawk ended the struggle so far as Jack and the Indian were concerned.

"Now, whar air ther gals?" Jack began.

"Come," said Black Partridge, who had seen the female prisoners hurried away. Jack's arm was seized by his friend, and he was hurried as rapidly as he could go along the uneven ground into some bushes, and both plunged down into a ra-

vine, and went as rapidly as they could travel, and finally, when a mile from the late scene, paused to listen.

The Indians were making a considerable noise in their camp. The hubbub and noise was continued for several moments, and then all became still.

"Pat, et ain't no use o' tryin' any more, air et?" the youthful scout said.

"No."

"Let us git back ter ther fôrt an' find ther others."

The Indian grunted assent, and the two set off toward the dismantled Fort Dearborn.

Jack glanced at the eastern sky and saw that it was growing lighter. The entire night had been spent in abortive attempts to rescue the two captives, and though Jack had failed, he really deserved credit for having twice in one night boldly entered within the lines of the enemy.

They reached the shores of the lake opposite the village of Chicago just as the canoe was pushing off with the last load of lumber and timbers for the boat.

"Hold on thar, cap!" said Jack, as they came up to the sands.

"Jack," said the captain, "what success?"

"Same ez before, cap, only wuss. I got started with ther gals, but, plague on 'em, they got on ter ther racket, an' now et air too late ter try agin ter-night."

"Yes," the captain answered, with a sigh. "Come aboard and let us go."

Jack and the friendly Winnebago Indian entered the skiff, which at once pushed out.

A wild yell rose from the bushes, and a score of savages rushed out from the bushes and made a dash at the skiff.

"Pull—pull fur yer lives!" cried Jack.

He leveled his rifle and sent a bullet whizzing among the Indians. Black Partridge sent another.

"Down—down! all on yer!" cried Jack.

Every man fell into the bottom of the boat just as a volley of rifle and musket shots whizzed over their heads.

Jack and Black Partridge seized each a musket, and poured their contents into the savages, who recoiled from the deadly fire from the boat.

"Gin et to them, Pat! Hurry, redskin, load up agin!" roared Jack, as he sprang up in the stern of the boat, and, long as the range was, fired his pistols at the hesitating Indians on the shore.

"Pull, you sojer fellers, pull fur yer lives, ur by gemany cracky, we'll feed ther fish o' ther lake."

Captain Heald and the soldiers at the oars needed no second hint, for they laid to their oars, and in a very few minutes the boat was out of range of the bullets from the shore.

They proceeded to the island, watching the main shore, which was in a few moments black with Indians.

"We will soon have them here," said the captain, as they landed. "They will get canoes, rafts, logs and swim to the island in some way."

"But wot will we be er doin' all ther while?" said Jack. "Whar air them two cannon an' all ther ammunishun an' muskets yer brung erway?"

"Of course we will defend ourselves, Jack."

"Yes, an' et ther same time make our warship, an' when we hev got our ironclad boat made, why we'll sail right erlong shore an' bombard them pesky red niggers till they'll gin up ther prisoners."

Fortunately for the Americans some provisions had been found about the deserted fort, and Captain Heald had had the forethought to bring them away with him.

After a hasty breakfast Jack, who was a natural genius, got the timbers together in a low sandy spot of the island, where

an inlet was convenient, and proceeded to construct the war boat.

The hull was simply a raft made of logs, but with a prow and a stern. It was thirty feet long and about ten broad, and could be propelled by the four big sweeps, for the prow was quite sharp, being made of two logs sloped off at the end and spiked together.

The other logs filled up the middle, and at the stern of the boat was a rudder fixed so the raft could be steered. Around the sides of it was built a sort of bulwark, made of hewn timbers, so thick that a rifle bullet would not penetrate them, and two masts were set up, on which some sheets brought from the fort were used as sails.

This boat was of course not constructed in a day, nor in two days. It required three days to make the war boat, which Jack named the Terror of the Coast.

One of the soldiers, having some paint brought from the fort, painted the name on the stern of the little craft.

The reader must not think that the white men had been allowed to peacefully pursue their occupation of ship building. Captain Jones, the Briton, saw that it was necessary to destroy these enemies before he started for Mackinaw, and told the Indians that they must be dislodged from the island.

They found some canoes along the shore, and set out toward the island. Some were in the canoes, some on logs, some on rudely constructed rafts, and some actually swimming. But Jack and Captain Heald were watching them, and the two little cannons did good service. They flashed fire and death, and the two-pound balls struck and split the canoes, swept the Indians from the raft, and drove the others back to shore.

Efforts were made to surprise them at night, but fortunately a number of pine-knots had floated to the island, and Jack waded out into the shallow water, which extended a hundred yards from the island, and planting the pine knots, sticking the ends in the mud, so the knot would be above water, set them on fire. Then, as soon as an Indian came within the circle of light of those pine knots, a bullet was sure to strike him.

Captain Jones discovered next day that the white men had thrown up a sort of a breastwork in the sand which covered that part of the island next the main shore, and from behind which they sent shot after shot from their cannon at the floating breastworks on the rafts, with which the Indians tried to gain the island.

"Well, there is no accounting for Yankee ingenuity," the Briton said. "I should not have thought of their plan. Now, with five men armed, as they seem to be, with plenty of ammunition, half a hundred muskets and two cannons, nothing but starvation or a war schooner can do anything against them."

A still greater surprise was in store for the British captain. He knew that all the English vessels on the lakes were engaged in other quarters, and it was useless to expect one to come there to reduce a fort with only five men, and he also knew that they must have provisions enough to last them for many days, perhaps weeks, and that there was danger of an army from Kentucky, Indiana, or Ohio marching to join Gen. Hull at Detroit, passing that way and sweeping him and his Indians from the face of the earth, so Captain Jones prepared a terrible war engine.

It was a great floating battery made of great logs on a wide raft. There was a wall of sand between two walls of logs, through which the shot from their little cannon could not possibly penetrate.

All the remaining timbers about the fort were utilized in the construction of this immense floating battery, and the Indians were set to cutting down other trees, and the work of Captain Jones' navy went on.

Meanwhile the two prisoners were kept all the time within sight of the island, and told that their friends were on the bit of land, and assured that they would soon see their scalps dangling from the belts of the savages.

The floating battery was made in sections, and three or four sections had already been completed and pushed out into deep water for the other parts to be joined to it.

"To-morrow we shall have everything ready," said Jones to Mrs. Heald, "and then we will push out and you will soon have the satisfaction of seeing your husband dead."

She bowed her head and wept.

Poor Mrs. Heald! neither she nor Sally slept that night. All night long they could hear the ring of the hammers and hatchets as the Indians worked away making their battery complete.

At dawn they looked away toward the little island. Suddenly they saw coming out from it a curious kind of a craft with long, sharp prow. It had sails which soon filled and bore it straight toward the unfinished battery of the Indians.

Suddenly a wreath of smoke curled up from the prow of the curious craft, and a two-pound shot came skipping along over the water.

The soldier called Mike had once been a sailor, and to his skill they were indebted for the management of the craft.

The raft, or boat, for it could scarce be called a raft, ran straight at the raft of the Indians.

Boom! boom! went both the cannons. They were near enough now for the balls to strike, and one passing between a seam in the bulwarks of the raft made great havoc among her men. They returned the fire with their rifles and muskets, but rifles and muskets were almost useless against such a formidable vessel as The Terror of the Coast.

"Load up an' gin et to 'em again!" cried Whirlwind Jack, who manned one of the guns, aided by Black Partridge, while Heald manned the other, assisted by the soldier Bob.

A few moments later the two cannons were again aimed, and their contents thundered against the sides of the raft.

The Indians became alarmed, and deserted it in great numbers.

The wind was blowing sharply toward shore, and the raft began to part in places where it had been imperfectly joined together.

Two sections of it swung around broadside to the war boat, and Jack cried:

"Now, cap, load them thar guns with bullets, an' let 'em hev er handful or two o' shot."

"The idea is a good one, Jack," said the captain, and they immediately loaded the two small cannon with musket bullets, pouring a double handful into each on equally as much powder.

When both pieces had been carefully trained the matches were applied, and the discharges were terrific.

The Indians abandoned their crafts and fled ashore.

Mike, realizing the danger of getting so clumsy a craft as his tangled up among the pieces of the raft, shortened sail, and allowed his craft to float in alongside quite gently.

"Now, cap," cried Jack, "let's burn them logs down."

"All right."

Jack told Black Partridge and the soldiers to shoot the Indians on shore and drive them back to the woods, while he and the captain set fire to the floating battery of the enemy.

As most of the battery of the enemy was made of dry pine logs and boards, that was not a difficult thing to do. Each of the two men to whom the task had fallen to fire the raft of logs seized the side of the floating battery and leaped aboard with a handful of dry pine boards and sticks, and with these they began to set the whole construction on fire.

Jones, seeing what they were about, ordered a hundred savages down to the shore with bows and arrows and rifles

to drive them away, but those two swivels had again been loaded with bullets, and were let drive full at the wretches on shore, scattering them in every direction.

The raft, or rafts, were set on fire in five different places, and then they hurried aboard their own craft, and pushing off by aid of long sweeps and sails, began to move slowly along the shore of the lake.

Jones was beside himself with rage, and the female prisoners were delighted.

"Glory, glory!" cried Mrs. Heald. "We will escape the villains yet!"

"Woman, I will not stand this!" the brutal Briton cried, snatching a pistol from his belt and aiming it at her breast.

"Shoot if you will," she said. "I don't fear you, you coward! It is just like a coward to kill a helpless woman!"

Blushing crimson, he put up his pistol and said:

"No, I will not kill you. You shall live to see your husband burn at the stake."

"I will live to see you hung," she tauntingly retorted.

Unable to endure the taunts of the plucky woman, the Englishman went down to the shore to watch the clumsy craft which was slowly gliding along up the lake.

It was about a quarter of a mile away from the sand beach, and the Englishman was walking along within a hundred yards of the water.

Suddenly he saw a puff of smoke issue from one of the ports on the side next to the shore, and the next moment Captain Jones was half buried with sand from the ball which struck at his feet. The captain was not seriously hurt, though he was knocked flat on his back, and as soon as he could he bounded to his feet and ran to the woods for life.

Whirlwind Jack, who had been watching the effect of the cannon shot, clapped his hands to his side and roared with laughter.

"Waal, chaw me up for buffler meat ef that ain't ther funniest sight I hev seen in er year's time," he shouted, as the British captain, shaking the dust off his clothes, ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"I am sorry we did not hit the monster," said Captain Heald. "If he was out of the way I think we could ransom the two prisoners."

"Say, cap, I've jist thought up a idee."

"What is it, Jack?"

"Ef we could capture some o' them thar chiefs o' ther onery skunks, we mought exchange prisoners, yer know."

Captain Heald, realizing the power that Jones had over the Indians, shook his head and said:

"I don't believe he would allow it. But yet we might try it. I will think on it until nightfall, and then we will see."

Meanwhile their clumsy craft was slowly moving along the lake in the direction of Detroit.

CHAPTER XII.

INTO THE FIRE AGAIN.

Captain Heald had been carefully forming plans for the future. If he could get his wife from the Indians, it was his design to go across the lake, and then travel that long stretch of wilderness to Detroit, where Gen. Hull, with a considerable army, was located. He laid his plan before Whirlwind Jack.

"Et air a purty long tramp, cap," said that youth.

"But we can make it, can we not?"

"Oh, yes, cap."

"I cannot leave without Nellie," said the captain.

"Waal, yer bet I ain't ergoin' erway without my Sally," said Jack.

"Captain," said the soldier called Bob, "do ye know that it is most noon, an' we have had nothin' to eat yet?"

The captain glanced at the sun and saw that it was about at the meridian.

"Yes," he said. "I had forgotten that we had had no breakfast. Bring out the dried venison and let us have some of it."

Dried venison, buffalo meat, and some hard bread, in that day known as sea biscuit, was brought, and from this with the fresh water of the lake they made a meal.

The wind was not fair, and they had hard work at times to keep their frail craft from running ashore.

"I think, capen," said Mike, "that we ought to stand off from shore a little."

"No, I want us to lay along here until night, and then make some effort to get the prisoners," said the captain.

"Well, capen," said the ex-sailor, "I don't know this coast, but it looks a little treacherous and along up it I see rocks. You can see the whitecaps as the water dashes over 'em."

"Yes, keep out of the way of them."

"'Tain't always easy to manage such a craft as this. She don't answer to her helm very well."

Captain Heald, not being a sailor, could not see the danger that was apparent to Mike.

He and Whirlwind Jack were watching the shore. Black Partridge was sitting on a keg with his gun across his knee, gazing in silence at the shore, along which the Indians still followed, as if loath to give up their enemies.

"Cap, they air still follerin' us," said Jack.

"Yes."

"They think they'll hev us when we land."

"I suppose that is their calculation," the captain answered, with a sigh.

"Capen," said Mike, who was working at the helm.

"What, Mike?"

"The sky is getting a little dirty off to west'ard."

The captain gazed off to westward and saw a few clouds gathering there. To a landsman they meant nothing, but to a sailor who had made a study of the sky they meant a great deal.

"What of those clouds, Mike?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder, capen, if we don't have a blow."

"I am jist waitin' fur er chance ter blow some o' them onnery red niggers," Whirlwind Jack said.

He was sitting by the side of one of the small cannon with his arm on the barrel.

"Don't yer think we air near ernuff, cap, ter gin 'em another round?"

The Indians were crowding in great numbers down along the sandy beach.

The captain measured the distance with his eyes, and said:

"We might give them a round. A ball might reach that far."

The gun was already loaded with a ball, and Whirlwind Jack aimed it himself.

Captain Heald applied the match, and the rude craft trembled from bow to stern under the heavy explosion that shook the air.

Jack, watching the flight of the ball, saw it scatter the sand over a score of dusky braves, who, uttering yells of fear, fled up the bank to the woods.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jack. "Jist watch them red niggers climb! Cap, let's load her up! We kin gin 'em er shot in ther woods."

They reloaded the little cannon and sent the ball whizzing into the woods. A wild shriek and yells followed the shot.

"Jack, we will fire no more 'into the woods," said the captain.

"Why?"

"That shot may have killed Nellie or Sally."

"Gosh, cap, I never onct thought o' that!"

At this moment a boom louder than any cannon that was ever invented by man shook the lake and ground.

The sky was growing dark.

"Capen," called the faithful ex-sailor at the helm, "we are going to have a storm."

Captain Heald, who, for the last hour, had been watching the shore and trying to get a telling shot at the Indians, now turned his eyes again to the west, and saw that one whole side of the horizon was covered with the densest, blackest cloud he had ever seen.

The wind had already begun to blow away across the lake, and they could see that that part of the water was a sheet of white foam.

"Mike, what are we to do?" asked the captain, his face turning deathly white.

"I dun know, capen."

"Can't you put back to the island?"

"No; it is now impossible," said Mike. "We ought to have done that two hours ago."

The storm was coming on with terrible fury. Whirlwind Jack saw that it would drive them right on the rocky beach where the Indians, who seemed to understand the situation, were gathering to knock them on the head as soon as they should be thrown on shore by the waves.

"Cap, et's er purty tight box we air in," said Jack. "Seems ter me we've jumped inter ther fire agin."

It grew suddenly so dark that they could scarcely see their hands before them; then the storm came shrieking down. It struck their clumsy craft and hurled it forward, as if it was a feather, toward the rocks.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried the captain. "We are lost!"

Next morning there was a grinding, crashing roar, and the shouts of exultant savages reached their ears.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHIRLWIND JACK AND THE BRITISH OFFICER.

Whirlwind Jack saw through the gathering darkness great flashes of foam as the waves dashed on the rocks. The clumsy craft gave a tremendous lurch, then came another grinding, crunching sound.

"Hold fast to something!" screamed the captain.

But there was nothing to hold fast to. In a moment the masts were gone, the strong bulwark of logs which they had built gave way with a crash, and Jack felt himself lifted as if in the arms of a giant, and whirled and plunged and turned end over end, until something struck his head, and he was unconscious.

How long he was unconscious he never knew. When he recovered he was lying on the wet sands, and saw lights all about him.

He heard a tremendous roaring near, and the next moment was conscious of a tremendous screeching.

The rain had begun to fall, and the torches which the savages carried were soon extinguished.

Jack soon discovered that he was not dead.

"But er feller mought ez well be," he thought, as he made several ineffectual efforts to burst the deerskin thongs with which he was tied. "I reckon ther pesky red niggers air er goin' ter roast me."

When all the torches had been extinguished and they were in total darkness, Jack felt himself lifted from the ground by two or three savages and carried a long distance through the pouring rain.

He was carried into a sort of wigwam, or tent, which turned the rain.

"Is he dead? Is he dead?" a very familiar voice asked, as the captive was laid down on the ground.

"Hello, Sally, air et you?" he asked.

"Yes, Jack, and I was afraid you was dead."

"No, not by er long shot," the youthful scout answered, assuming a cheerfulness he was far from feeling. "I air ez good ez a dozen dead men yit."

"Jack, Jack," said Mrs. Heald, who sat in a far corner of the wigwam, and had not been seen by the young scout before, "do not assume a cheerfulness. You know that you are just as good as a dead man. Those Indian monsters will never let you go alive."

"Waal, Mrs. Heald, thet air erbout ther truth, but et ain't no use o' whinin'. I'll grin an' bear et."

Jack now discovered that both the females were tied, and there were two Indians standing inside the wigwam as guards.

After a few moments Mrs. Heald asked:

"Do you know whether my husband escaped or not?"

"I don't, mum," Jack answered.

At this moment footsteps were heard at the door of the wigwam, and the next moment Captain Andrew Jones entered.

"Hello!" he said, with a wicked smile lighting up his diabolical features. "This is a glorious sight."

"Thort et would kinder please sich er varmint ez you air."

"Whirlwind Jack, you are an impudent young scamp, and you have made yourself a little too busy with my affairs."

"Hev I? Waal, et do seem ter me thet yer hev been makin' yerself most tarnil onnery an' mean all erlong. Wot yer want ter take pore gals prisoners fur, an' treat 'em as mean ez yer do? Can't yer find meanness ernuff ermong ther white people, without comin' hyar ermong ther onnery stinkin' red niggers, an' makin' et wuss? Yer er cowardly white-livered skunk, Capen Jones, thet air wot you air. Yer mean—yer rale mean!"

The captain took it cooler than might have been expected of him. He gazed alternately at Jack, and then at Mrs. Heald. At last he said:

"I am glad, Jack, that you were spared by the waves."

"War I all thet warn't drowned?"

"Oh, no; we have Captain Heald and the two soldiers. I think they will pull through, but your boon companion, Black Partridge, I am sorry was drowned."

Jack laughed. He knew that Black Partridge was the best swimmer in America, and he might as well have expected a fish to drown as the subtle Indian.

"I'll bet my sculp agin ther tail o' a skunk, that Black Partridge ain't dead," said Jack.

"That will make little difference to you, my fine fellow, for just as soon as this rain ceases we will make an end of you. I am not going to let you remain here long. I brought you here for a purpose."

"Wot purpus?" asked Jack.

"Nellie Heald, you remember that when you were a little girl on the frontier, I came to the post where you were staying, and you have not forgotten how we first became acquainted?"

"No," she answered bitterly.

"I was mad, jealous and angry with the young army officer, John Heald, whom you preferred to me."

She made no answer. The captain was old enough to be her father, and had not one noble trait.

"I am now going to make a strange revelation, Nellie," said the captain. "I loved your mother, I proposed to her, and she rejected me for your father. You remember how the fort in which you lived was attacked by the Indians under Pontiac. I was disguised as a savage, and it was I that led them. I carried your infant brother away and sold him to the Potawatomes for furs. They raised him, and he is to-day known as Whirlwind Jack. This is your long-lost brother, Mrs. Heald, who will be burnt at the stake as soon as the rain ceases."

The scene that followed can be better imagined than described. Mrs. Heald had long felt a strange affection for the lonely youth, who had passed his life among the Indians.

She now wept for grief and joy, and called him brother, and lamented their fate. She had just found him, only to lose him again forever.

As for Whirlwind Jack, he was quite overwhelmed by the discovery, and for a few moments unable to speak, but he regained his composure in a few moments, and said:

"Waal, ef I am yer brother, an' yer hev jist found me, yer kin bet yer last cent that I ain't goin' ter make yer ershamed o' me by squealin' when them pesky, onnery red skunks go ter applyin' ther torch ter me."

"We will see."

The captain turned abruptly about and left the wigwam.

Just outside the tent he met Gray Wolf, one of the younger chiefs, and asked:

"Have you seen the other prisoners?"

"Yes," the Indian grunted.

"Has the body of Black Partridge been found yet?"

"No."

"It has almost ceased raining, Gray Wolf, and I want you to take the young white brave, Whirlwind Jack, from the wigwam, and carry him upon the hill and burn him."

The Indian set about the performance of that task as if it was the most ordinary affair possible. He had three or four of his men gather up sticks and pieces of wood. The rain had ceased falling, but the wood was quite wet and could not be easily lighted.

Jack was dragged from the wigwam into the dark night.

He did not expect to be executed before morning, but the youth had not fully calculated on the hatred of the Briton.

Bound and helpless, overpowered and quite unable to help himself, the young scout was dragged to the hill which was at the rear of the camp. A score of Indians had by this time gathered about the spot.

Some pine torches had been relighted and gave forth a glaring light on the group and the dripping forest.

Jack was tied to the stake. The wood was piled about his feet, and heaped up to his knees. Then one of the vagabonds stooped over the pile of wood, and, with the aid of his torch, soon set it blazing.

Jack had struggled, had raved and taunted until he saw that it was no use to taunt and struggle longer.

He determined that the Indians should not wring a single cry of agony from him, and consequently he reserved all his strength and energy to endure the torture in silence.

CHAPTER XIV.

BLACK PARTRIDGE A PRISONER.

Just as the flames became uncomfortably warm, there suddenly came up one of those showers that are the last spasmodic throes, as it were, of a dying storm.

The shower was short but terrible, deluging the forest with water, and the fire about the captive was extinguished.

Even the torches were extinguished, and all was in total darkness.

"He shan't escape! He shan't escape!" cried the officer. "Some of you go and bring some fire from the wigwam and we will burn him yet!"

Half a score ran after the fire, and a hand suddenly seized the captain by the throat, and all his efforts to cry aloud were in vain. He was held as if in an iron vise.

He was soon choked into insensibility and silently gagged. Then he was dragged to the stake and Whirlwind Jack found a pair of nimble fingers working energetically at his thongs in the dark. In a moment he comprehended all, and was silent as the grave.

He was released, and when the Indians came back with the fire, to their utter amazement they found the prisoner gone and Captain Jones tied in his place.

Whirlwind Jack guessed from the first who his rescuer was. They had gone a mile before either spoke, and then he said:

"Black Partridge, how did ye come on ter me in ther nick o' time ez yer did?"

"See fire light big in woods, go see what! Be Jack, want shoot, but gun wet. Wait rain come. Be dark Black Partridge go and do it."

"Pat, yer er trump. That air er purty long speech fur yer, but yer git it off in good shape. Did yer save yer gun when yer swum ashore?"

"Ugh! Save two gun," and to the amazement of Whirlwind Jack, he placed his own rifle in his hand.

"Wot, yer got my gun, too, an' may I be shivered if them fools didn't furgit ter take my pistols an' knife from me! Now, ef we only hed some amynishun we'd make et lively yit fur 'em. I ain't ergoin' ter trust myself ter water any more. Et will do fur ducks an' muskrats, but et ain't fur sich ez me."

They were in a very perilous position yet, for their enemies would swarm the woods for them in the morning.

The Indian rose and by a grunt intimated that they should be going. The two men traveled for hours. An occasional shower drenched them, and the most intense darkness filled the wood save when the air was aflame with lightning.

They pressed on and on until day dawned.

With the dawn of day the skies brightened and the sun shone brightly. The air was once more warm and the birds began to sing, and all was delightful.

The men were hungry, but they had no food and no means by which to obtain it. Their boat had carried them about twenty-five miles up the lake from Fort Dearborn, and consequently that much further from Detroit.

"Pat," said Jack, "lemme see ef yer ain't got er few grains o' dry powder in thet air horn o' yours."

The Indian gave the horn to Jack, who carefully investigated it. He poured out some of the powder, which had become damaged, and found in the bottom four or five loads.

They loaded their rifles, and Jack also loaded his pistols.

"Now we ain't got ernuther grain o' powder left, an' wot we hev ain't very good, redskin, but we gotter hev some meat."

The Indian rose to his feet and gazed about over the landscape. Below them was a long level sweep of ground—a sort of green valley hemmed in with bushes and trees—and the Indian, gazing off in that direction, saw a number of deer feeding. He pointed toward them, and gave utterance to another grunt.

"Go an' git one ef yer want ter," said Jack.

The Indian needed no second hint, but began at once to stalk the deer. Creeping from tree to tree, from shrub to shrub, and keeping well to windward of them he managed to get within two hundred yards without the deer seeing him or scenting him. There came a loud report, and the buck at which he had aimed made one bound into the air and fell.

"Purty well done, redskin!" cried Whirlwind Jack, going down to where the Indian stood by the side of the dead buck. "I tell yer that shot air jist erbout ez well done ez if I had done et myself. Pat, yer never p'int et anything fur nuthin'."

The Indian grunted, and then the two set to work to remove the skin of the animal.

When they had dressed the deer, Black Partridge made a fire and proceeded to cut off strips of flesh and broil them on the coals.

"Now," said Jack, "I think we hed ez well git ter jerkin' some o' this ere meat."

The Indian grunted, and with his knife proceeded to dig a pit, and then, with his hatchet, cut poles to lay across the pit.

The smoke was soon issuing from the pit, and the Indian was industriously putting chips and sticks under the meat to keep the fire going.

Jerking meat is half drying and half cooking. It is a faster process than drying, and slower than cooking.

Jack told the Indian that he intended to go out and reconnoiter a little, and for him to keep a sharp lookout that he was not surprised in the meantime.

Black Partridge grunted, and mended his slow fires.

Jack, with his rifle on his shoulder, wandered over the hill, down among the bottoms, and at last came to the banks of a considerable stream that flowed into the lake.

He sat down by the side of a log where the sun fell full on his face, and Jack felt drowsy. Who can wonder, for he had slept none the night before, and in fact slept but little for a week.

Despite all his caution he actually fell asleep.

He did not sleep long nor very sound, for the faint dip of a paddle was heard in the stream, and a voice said:

"We will land here, Red Cloud."

"Ugh!" grunted an Indian's voice.

"Now, mind you, if we capture that boy, Whirlwind Jack, you get an extra flask of rum."

"Why want boy, too? Got white squaw and big captain."

"I want the boy. I have sworn death against the whole family. I hated their father, Jack Wilson, and I intend to kill his son."

"Jerusalem!" thought Jack. "That air ther fust time I ever hearn wot my name wuz. I am Wilson. Waal, et ain't er bad name, but with sich neighbors ez them er-creepin' eround me I hain't got time ter congratulate myself."

He ventured to take a peep around the log, and saw three canoes loaded down with the Indians led by Red Cloud and Captain Jones himself, land.

"We are not far away from them," said the captain. "That smoke over there is surely their camp."

Jack counted fifteen Indians besides the captain and the chief, making seventeen in all.

He dared not move lest they should hear him.

He knew that they were going to the camp where Black Partridge was jerking the venison, but he could not prevent them, nor was it possible for him to go and warn his dusky friend, for to move was to be discovered.

The scouts sent out to ascertain the cause of the smoke returned in a few moments with the report that there was but one person there, and that was the Indian jerking venison.

"We'll go and take him, and then we can easily capture the other," said the officer.

They started toward the place where poor Black Partridge was, and Jack followed them, raging like a lion, but not daring to make himself known.

He knew there was a hill two or three hundred yards on the right of the Indian, and he decided that he would go there and from the top call on Pat to fly. Jack had to make a considerable detour to the hill, and when he had gained it it was too late. He saw them surround and seize his dusky friend.

CHAPTER XV.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Whirlwind Jack was overwhelmed with grief and mortification at the capture of his friend.

"Ter think thet I jist lay thar an' slep' an' 'lowed them onnery red niggers ter come onter me an' capter Pat, ther smartest redskin ez ever lived, is ernuff ter make me go an' bite my own head off."

For a moment Jack was at a loss what to do. He ran back to the stream where the Indians had left their canoes, and knocking holes in the bottom of two of them, he took the third

and ran it up the stream for two miles, and hid it among the willows.

"I'm goin' ter save Pat or bust," he thought.

Having prevented them from crossing the river was a point gained. He next hovered along the woods and ridges within sight of the enemy, but at the same time kept hid from them.

The Indians, having captured Black Partridge, sat down at the camp, eating the venison and waiting for Jack to return. From the top of the hill he could see them, and how Jack did wish for a score of rangers to open fire.

They at last grew tired of waiting for Jack to return, and sent some young men into the woods to hunt for him. Jack kept out of their way, and they returned in the course of two or three hours, and then the whole party after a short consultation set out toward the stream with their prisoner, evidently intending to return to the tribe, who had gone on to the Indian village.

Jack kept them in sight, and their rage and amazement to find their canoes gone was a source of infinite satisfaction to the youth.

The Indians wandered all the afternoon along the banks of the stream. Captain Jones was unable to swim, and Red Cloud also had a mortal dread of water. There were five or six of the savages who could swim across the stream, but Captain Jones was suddenly seized with a fearful dread, when he considered that he was cut off from the main tribe with such a small force, and determined to hold all the Indians with him.

When night came they went into camp, and Jack watched them for a long time and then turned about to go away and get some sleep. By the merest chance he glanced across a valley, but sparsely covered with trees, and was amazed to see the glow of another campfire.

"Wot ther world do thet mean," he gasped. "More red varmints wot these niggers don't know nothin' erbout. Now I'm goin' ter investergate thet," the scout said, and he set off at a run somewhat resembling a lope, and in a short time was near enough the camp to see four men clad like himself in buckskin sitting about the campfire. They were all white men, and each had a long rifle at his side. Jack in a few moments convinced himself that they were American hunters, and he hastened to make himself known to them.

They proved to be some acquaintances of Jack's, who had been in the northwest, and had just heard that war had been declared between Great Britain and the United States, and were on their way to Fort Dearborn, for they had not learned of its fate.

Jack told them that the fort had fallen, and that their only hope was Detroit, as the Indians had effectually barred the passage between them and Fort Wayne. He also told them of Black Partridge, and in a few moments the five men were ready to make the attack on four times their number. Jack was supplied with powder, and led the way to the Indian camp.

A volley of yells, shrieks of fear, and five men dashed into the camp which the Indians, save those brought down by the unerring rifles, had vacated.

Jack's first thought was of Black Partridge. He ran to the Indian and released him, and then, falling on his neck, hugged him, and declared that he "was the best feller that lived."

Captain Jones was one among those to escape, and Jack, who had promised himself the glorious satisfaction of lifting his scalp, was sadly disappointed. He wanted to give chase to the savages, but their new-found friends, the hunters, thought it was important that they push on to Detroit at once, as the Pottawatomies would no doubt be reinforced by daylight, and they might then find that they could not make their way to the city of refuge.

"I reckon yer right, pilgrim," said Jack, sadly. "But I do

hate most blamed bad ter go an' leave Sally in ther clutches o' them pesky red niggers."

The journey through the trackless wilderness was fraught with danger and hardship at every mile. Jack and his companions pushed on, until almost exhausted and famished for want of food, they came at last in sight of the walls of Detroit.

At this moment there came to their ears the distant booming of cannon. Brock was besieging the fort.

They reached the fort, and were admitted at the gate by the sentry, and some food given them.

Jack told of the fall of Fort Dearborn, and that Captain Heald and Lieut. Helm and their wives with many others were in the hands of the Indians.

Gen. Hull, to whom he related the account, seemed very despondent. He was an old man, in fact, too old to have charge of such an important post. When Jack asked for men to rescue the captives the general shook his head, and said they could spare no one.

Jack watched the cannonading during the day, and had little thought of anything but a successful resistance.

"As soon as we have driven these fellows off," said a colonel to the youth, "we will send out a party and hunt up Captain Heald and his people."

Jack hoped that the British would make the attack that day, but they did not.

A white flag appeared. It was from Brock, asking Gen. Hull to surrender Detroit, and assuring him if he did not he could not restrain the savages if they were compelled to take the place by storm.

The reply of Hull was spirited, and he declared that he would not surrender.

Next morning it was seen that the British army and Tecumseh's Indians had landed below the town and were forming to make the assault.

Jack heard an officer say to another:

"I'm afraid that Hull will surrender, colonel."

"No, he won't."

"But you don't know him."

"If there is great danger of his doing it, we should arrest him, and take the command out of his hands, for we can defend this fort against twice as many as are about to attack."

"But the general's daughter, and her children, are here. It is said that one of the cannon balls yesterday passed through the house in which she and her children were."

"Such things happen in war, but they are not terrible enough to make one a coward, I hope. I can't believe that Gen. Hull is a coward. He was a brave soldier during the Revolution, and he should be brave yet."

"He is older now, and as men get older they become more cautious."

Whirlwind Jack listened to this conversation in perfect amazement. He could not believe that the general whom he had thought one of the bravest, and one of the greatest men, was a coward.

He hunted up Black Partridge and told him what he had heard.

"Now, look ye hyar, Pat," said Jack, as the Indian stood silent and motionless before him. "Et don't make no difference who surrenders, we won't. I tell yer, I'm not in ther business."

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian.

The fort now presented a lively sight.

Troops were falling in line, the long roll was sounding, and all was confusion and excitement. The women and children were hurried away to what was supposed would be the safest part of the fort.

Jack watched the British army under Brock form on the lower grounds, and saw them advance in two great lines of

red coats with the Indians on either flank ready to support them.

The soldiers cheered and were hopeful of one of the proudest victories Americans had ever gained, when someone cried:

"Look there! What does that mean?"

"Where?"

"At the flagstaff—the flag is coming down. Look—look, the white flag is going up! Oh, what a shame!"

"He has surrendered!" cried another.

"He air er fool. Why, we kin lick 'em, I tell ye—we kin lick 'em."

"See, the British have stopped, and here comes the adjutant with an order."

An American officer came forward and ordered the men to stack arms.

A scene of confusion followed.

"Where is old Hull? I'd like to run him through!" cried a young officer, who tore off his epaulettes and broke his sword.

Jack, who was standing near the rampart with cocked rifle, waiting for the enemy to come within range of his gun, did not at first understand what all this hubbub meant.

Seeing the men stack their guns according to order, he bawled out:

"Wot in thunder air ye tarnil fools goin' ter do, I'd like ter know, anyway?"

There was no answer, save an officer said:

"Gen. Hull has ordered all the men to stack arms and march out of the fort, and let the British march in."

"Waal, Gen. Hull kin do ez he dog-gone pleases, but ez fur me, I'd see him in er place as is mighty hot afore I'd surrender. Hyar I am, an' there ain't Britishers nor Injuns ernuff ter take me."

"Come, come, be sensible. Put your gun down with the others."

"I won't. Tell Gen. Hull ter go ter thunder! Pat, you an' me hed better skip."

The solemn Indian, who knew that he need expect no mercy if captured, obeyed his companion, and the two, with their rifles in their hands, hastened across the parade ground and made their way to the rear of the fort.

"Say, Jack, air yer goin' ter skip?" asked a voice at Jack's rear.

Whirlwind Jack turned and saw behind him an old acquaintance, a trapper and hunter whom he had known for years.

"Hello, Grizzly Jake, air et you?"

"Yes; air yer goin' ter leave the fort?"

"Bet I am! Come along, Jake."

"That is jist what I'm goin' ter do. I don't intend ter give old Tecumseh a chance ter cook me."

They leaped the parapet, and with the fort between them and the enemy, started down the hill toward the woods at a run. Wild yells rose behind the three men.

Crack! went Jack's rifle, and the foremost Indian went rolling and howling in the dust.

The shrieks and yells that rose on the air were appalling.

They had a narrow escape from capture, and even when they reached the woods, Tecumseh sent some of his bravest and swiftest runners after them.

All day long the fugitives fled from their pursuers, and when night came, were deep in the woods, with a yelling foe all around them.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE FOREST AGAIN.

"Stop!" said Jack.

They had reached the densest part of the wood, about ten miles from Detroit, and night had settled over the three fugitives. The three men came to a standstill.

"Jack, what are we going to do?" Jake asked.

"Waal, now, pilgrim, yer got me. Hanged ef I know o' anybody in er wuss fix than we three, ixcept et be them poor fellers wot war tuk prisoner."

"Dearborn is tuk, Detroit is tuk, an' yer say we can't git ter Fort Wayne?"

"No. Why, we'd be gobbled up afore we went half way thar. The prairie air jist black with them onnery red skunks."

"Ugh!" grunted Black Partridge.

"Wot air et, Pat?"

"Listen!"

All three silently bent their ears toward the ground.

"Jake," Jack whispered, "Pat air right."

"I hear 'em."

"This way."

They carefully parted the dense underbrush with their hands, and crept noiselessly forward, following after Whirlwind Jack.

For two hundred yards they crept softly and noiselessly along. All the while the sounds of pursuit could be heard in their rear.

"Stop!" Jack faintly whispered.

He had just come to a small opening and paused, and with his hands slowly and noiselessly parted the dense underbrush.

All three gazed through the narrow opening into the open space in the forest.

The moon was shining brightly in the heavens, and revealed the spot quite clearly to them.

At first nothing could be seen, but a few moments later a stalwart Indian, who from his fine feathers and gayly colored blanket one could easily perceive was a chief, stepped out in full view.

He carried a rifle in his hand, and had a proud, haughty look about him.

They could have shot him dead in his tracks, but the report of their gun would have brought a hundred Indians about them.

The chief was so near once that Jack could have touched him with the barrel of his gun, but after a few moments he went away. Jack followed his footsteps with his ear, and heard him stop again when he had gone into the thicket on their left. He was talking with another Indian. They spoke in the Shawnese language, which Jack did not understand.

They were talking low, and Jack had no doubt but their conversation had reference to themselves.

"Jack!" said Jake, in the faintest whisper.

"Wot yer want, Jake?"

"Can't we bear off a leetle ter ther right an' git out o' this trap?"

"We kin try."

With this, Jack again taking the lead and pushing the bushes apart with his hands, they slowly crept through the woods.

Going only a few feet at a time, and pausing to rest and listen, the Indians could be heard on three sides of them, and in places not ten paces away, but to the westward there seemed to be none, and Jack pushed forward in that direction as rapidly as he could.

Suddenly he halted, so suddenly that Jake, who was close at his heels, ran against him. The little collision did not create sufficient noise to attract the attention of any of the savages who were all about them.

"Jake!" Jack whispered.

"What, Jack?" Jake whispered.

"Just look ahead, won't you, and see what that is?"

Jake did as he was directed.

About forty or fifty feet directly in front of them, standing firm and erect, as straight as a tall pine tree, and motionless as a statue, was an Indian.

His rifle was at his side, and his blanket drawn about his shoulders.

"We gotter git rid o' that."

"Yer right, boy."

The great question was: Who was to do the work?

Whirlwind Jack was not long in deciding that point.

"Jake, do ye and Pat stay right hyar."

"Air ye goin' ter do et, Jack?"

"Yes."

Jack, with his long-barrelled rifle grasped firmly in his hand, went slowly through the bushes, keeping a sharp lookout to the right and the left lest he should be suddenly assailed on the flank, and at the same time had his eye fixed firmly on the Indian before him.

The young scout disappeared in the midst of some tall grass, and his companions saw him no more for several minutes.

The Indian was standing with his back to a bunch of alder bushes when suddenly he received a blow on the back of his head which sent him sprawling on the ground.

That blow was from the butt of a rifle and was given with force enough to crush an ordinary skull.

Jack listened a moment, and not hearing any outcry and seeing no demonstration on the part of the Indians, concluded:

"They didn't see thet air leetle trick o' mine, I reckon. Waal, now I'll jist tote this ere redskin out o' ther way, an' make room fur my boys ter come."

He lifted the body of the insensible or dead Indian in his strong young arms and carried him across the path and concealed him in a dense thicket.

Having deposited the Indian in a safe hiding place, Jack returned softly and cautiously, yet swiftly to his companions.

The three men with their rifles in their hands and their eyes glaring like enraged tigers in every direction to catch a glimpse of an enemy, walked hurriedly forward.

The spot at which the sentry had been left was passed, and they were congratulating themselves that the worst was over, when suddenly there rose a yell all about them, and there rang out on the night air a volley of rifle shots.

"Look out thar, boys, we're in fur et now!" cried Whirlwind Jack.

Crack! went his rifle. Crack! crack! went both his pistols, and then with his clubbed gun he fell upon the Indians before him and dealt blows right and left that sent them to the ground almost as fast as they could rise.

Jack's companions were performing prodigies of valor, and the voice of the young whirlwind occasionally rang out like a trumpet to cheer them on to the conflict. At last he burst through the group, and without looking to see how his companions were coming out, cried:

"Come on—run for yer lives!"

Jack and Black Partridge followed him, but in the darkness, and being so closely pursued by so many Indians, they were separated and compelled each to shift for himself.

"This air bad," said Jack. "Et air tarnal bad!"

After running three or four miles, the young scout paused to look for him, and see if either of his friends were near. He was alone, but from the howls of pursuers it was quite evident that he would not long be left alone.

He heard them before, behind him, and on every side, and began to look about for some convenient hiding-place. A hollow log lay near him, and he decided to creep into it and drag some pieces of wood after him. He did so. In a few moments he heard the Indians all about the log, and was half inclined to believe they had seen him. At last he heard the crackling of flames. They had camped and built a fire against his log. He would in a few minutes be burned out.

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK TREED.

"Chaw me up fur buffler meat ef I ain't got myself inter a purty tight box!" was the mental declaration of Whirlwind

Jack, as he lay in the log which was every moment getting more and more warm.

He knew that the thin sides of the hollow log would soon burn through, and that he would then be roasted alive unless he leaped out and ran the gauntlet of Indian bullets.

"Waal, et hev got ter come," he declared. "I can't stand this no longer."

At the end of the log through the opening Jack could see a brawny savage, and he leveled his rifle to shoot him in the temple, but he did not fire.

Crack! crack! Bang! bang! About two or three hundred paces away the roar of rifles and muskets made it seem as if there was a regiment battling there.

"Wah!" cried the chief who was in command of the band of Shawnees about the log.

They leaped to their feet and grasped their guns.

A word of command and they went flying away through the woods in the direction from whence the firing had been heard.

"Now, I'm mighty grateful fur yer gittin' out o' my way," said Jack, as he hastily crept from the burning log. "But I want ter know ef yer takin' Pat's scalp afore I'm done with yer."

Jack cast a glance about on his right and left to see if anyone was in sight.

He was alone.

Crack! bang! went the guns on the hill.

He ran in the direction of the firing, and soon saw the form of Black Partridge leaping away, dodging from tree to tree and bush to bush, and discovered that he was pursued by fully a score. Black Partridge was as expert as Jack in loading as he ran, and the young scout saw him coolly ram home a charge as he ran, and, wheeling about, fire. The foremost Indian fell.

"Hello, yer onnery ontamed skunks, how'd yer like this?" cried Jack. The sharp report of his rifle rang out on the moonlit night, and the savage nearest to Black Partridge gave utterance to a yell of rage and pain, and ran howling away with his left hand to his right shoulder.

"I shouldn't wonder that air feller ain't er leetle sick," said Whirlwind Jack, as he proceeded to coolly reload his gun.

He was standing on the crest of a hill in plain view of the savages, and they paused to look at him.

Jack not only had learned to load as he ran, but he had also acquired the art of loading quickly. Almost before the enemy knew it he had rammed home a charge, and bringing his gun to his shoulder sent a second shot whistling among them.

This caused them to scatter.

They had a superstitious awe of a man who had the power of becoming visible and invisible at will, and whose gun never seemed to be empty. They ran down the hill, and halting, began to consult, while Black Partridge hastened to join his companion.

"Wall, Pat, yer led them pesky skunks er mighty nice race," said Jack.

The Indian merely grunted, and marble was as expressive as his features.

"Whar air Grizzly Jake?"

Black Partridge pointed across the hills to the dense forest beyond.

"Waal, Pat, we mustn't desert Jake."

"No."

"Kin yer foller me over thar?"

The Indian grunted assent, and Jack said:

"Jist gird up yer loins an' come on, ye jolly joker, an' ef we don't find thet air Jake et will be berkase he hev passed in his checks an' got rubbed out."

The two went at a sort of a dog trot across the hills. Up hill or down it was the same. They seemed never to tire.

Suddenly Black Partridge gave vent to a grunt. Jack stop-

ped. His own keen ears had caught the sound of footsteps among the leaves.

"Pat, who air et?" Jack asked.

The Indian crept slowly forward and listened. Then he came back and said:

"White man."

Jack listened to the rustling of the leaves made by the moc-casins of Jake as he walked through the woods. He followed him, and at last, when Jake came to a part of the forest that was a little clear of trees, Jack saw him moving about.

The friends were soon reunited.

"Waal, Jake, yer ain't sculped yit, be yer?" said Jack, coolly.

"No. Whar yer been, Jack?"

"Movin' erbout fur my health," Jack laconically answered.

"Waal, I reckon et air better fur our health ter keep on movin', ain't et?"

"Yes. Exercise makes one healthy. Now, Jake, wot air that air stream on ther east o' us?"

"Ther Thames."

"Waal, ef we don't cross that air stream afore daylight we air goin' ter be made mincemeat on, an' yer kin depend on et."

"We couldn't make et below them falls, could we?" asked Grizzly Jake.

"No," the Indian answered. "Be sure drown."

"Waal, I ain't no more hankerin' ter be drowned than I hev ter be sculped by them red niggers," said Jack.

"Go up river," grunted the Indian.

They went three or four miles up the stream, and found the banks steep, rocky, and the river running like a mill race.

"Et do seem ter me thet no un could swim thet," said Jake.

"We got ter try et somewhar," said Jack. "Say, Pat, can't yer find no canoe, no boat nur nuthin' by which we kin cross this ere river?"

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian.

Those grunts of Black Partridge were very indefinite. They might mean yes, or they might mean no, and Jack and Jake were for some moments undecided as to the meaning of their dusky friend.

Partridge went into the bushes and was gone for several minutes. In fact, he was gone so long that Jake and Whirlwind Jack became a little uneasy about him.

But he finally appeared, and said:

"Come—boat!"

"Hev yer found one, Pat?"

"Ugh!"

They descended a steep, stony hill, and when they had reached the bottom of it, Black Partridge said:

"Listen!"

"Injuns, by hokey, Jake!"

"Yes, consarn 'em. Ef they'd come onter us while we air crossin', we'd make fine marks fur 'em ter shoot at."

"Reckon we would, an' wot makes et er blamed sight wuss, daylight air almost on us. We must be ercross the river afore et does ketch us."

"Yes, we must."

The Indian motioned them to keep silent and follow him.

They then descended the steep from one bare flat stone to another, until they had reached a deep ravine.

Here it was much darker than the place from whence they had come. They listened. The sound of voices could be heard on their right, while the roar of swift water could be heard below them.

"Redskin, whar war yer boat?" Jack asked.

The Indian pointed through a dense jungle of tangled briars toward the river.

"Let us git ter et now, jist ez soon ez we kin."

"Come."

They again heard the sound of voices, and Jack said:

"Some o' them air white men."

Jake, glancing over his shoulder, caught a glimpse of them through the rocks and bushes and said:

"It's redcoats. Et air Britishers, Jack, an' they air wuss nur redskins."

"Come—boat," whispered Black Partridge, who having pushed away the vines and briars that obscured the dark, turbid stream from view, showed them a frail bark canoe, scarce large enough for holding two.

"Jake," said Jack, "thar ain't no time now ter perlaver. You an' redskin git in."

"What air ye goin' ter do yerself, Jack?" Jake asked.

"I'm goin' ter hold ter ther starn end o' ther boat and swim over. Ye an' Pat kin paddle."

There was no time to talk longer, for their pursuers, heartless men, both red and white, could be heard descending the rocky steep to the river bank. By this time it was broad daylight.

The three fugitives hesitated not a moment. Jake and Black Partridge sprang into the canoe and Whirlwind Jack, plunging into the water, caught the stern of the frail little craft, and went swimming along after it.

The water was very swift, and bore them rapidly down the stream toward the great cataract, the thunders of which could be heard roaring in the distance.

"Hurry up, thar, paddle like tarnashun," said Jack. "Them pesky redskins will be blazin' erway at us in a minute."

"There they go," cried a voice behind them, and a British officer leaped out of the thicket, and stood on the rocky ledge about a foot above the water. "Here, some of you, shoot them."

The officer pulled a pistol from his belt and blazed away. The bullet struck the water so close to Jack that the spray was dashed in his face. Jack's rifle was in the bottom of the canoe with the other guns, but he could not have used it if he had had it.

Bang! bang! went a pair of muskets from the fast-receding shore, and one of the bullets striking the stern of the frail bark canoe within an inch of where Jack clutched it, cut the piece of bark to which he held, and the boat glided away from him. There was an island a little more than half way over the river, and Jack was just above the island when he suddenly found himself loose from the canoe.

The Indian and Grizzly Jake who were paddling for life did not see what had befallen Jack, and paddled on while he fell astern. He was whirled down the stream at the rate of a race-horse, and soon discovered at it would be impossible to reach the shore, but by using all his strength and skill managed to reach the island.

"There is that rascal, Whirlwind Jack," cried one of the Britons. "He is crawling out on the island; kill him!"

Crack! crack! went two more shots, and the bullets dug up the earth about Jack's face. He started up the bank to seek shelter on the opposite side of the island, when there was a growl and a roar. A great big black bear that had in some way swam over to the island and unable to get back, was half famished and furious, rushed at him. Jack was without a single weapon. He had put his rifle and his pistols in the canoe, and he ran toward the only tree on the island.

Like a squirrel he climbed up the tree, and the bear paused at the root, and gazing up at him, gave utterance to disappointed growls.

"Now you have him!" he heard the British officer on the shore say. "He's up in that tree! Shoot him down and let bruin eat him! You can't miss him now, for he could not be a fairer target."

Whirlwind Jack felt his blood run cold as he saw half a dozen rifles leveled at him.

He shied around behind the tree and laid his body flat against it, so that but very little of him could be seen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAMPFIRE.

Jack's friends were pretty well over before they discovered what had happened to him.

"Hello, redskin! By jemany, we air erbout ter lose Whirlwind Jack!" said Jake.

Jack was at this moment on the island. Jake was for a moment undecided what to do, and finally determined to hasten across the river, and then take measures to get Jack off the island.

It was a long shot across the river, and their best marksmen could not make a shot certain. But to the island, which was only a little over half-way, it was a different thing.

When they had landed and drawn up their canoe, which had been pierced with bullets and half full of water, they looked about to see Jack climbing up the tree with the black bear close at his heels, and the British and Indians firing at him from the other side.

Jake and his Indian companion strained their eyes to see what effect their bullets had on their friend.

Suddenly Black Partridge leveled his gun toward the island.

"Hold on, redskin!" roared Jake. "Wot yer erbout?"

"Shoot bear—Jack come down!"

"By jemany, I'm er fool not ter think o' thet myself," said the hunter.

Crack! went the rifle of Black Partridge. The bear suddenly rolled over on his side, and made some spasmodic kicks.

He struggled to his feet, his great shaggy head all covered with blood. Grizzly Jake fired another shot at him, taking him behind the fore-shoulder, and sending the ball to his heart.

"Jack, Jack, come down!" cried Jake. "Ther bar is dead!"

Crack! rang out another shot from the other side, and a ball whizzing under Jack's arm, cut off a streak of bark at his left side.

"Now, by tarnashun, thet air purty clus clippin'!" cried Whirlwind Jack. "Jest erbout two inches further dis way an' I would hev been ez dead ez ther bar."

Jack did not get excited, but slowly descended. He climbed down from branch to branch, amid whizzing bullets, showers of flying bark and falling twigs cut off by the bullets aimed at him. He kept the slender trunk between himself and his enemy as much as he could, but it was impossible not to expose a part of his body, or his arms or his legs at times.

One or two bullets cut through his jacket of deerskin, one or two clipped the fringes from his trousers, but Jack had not been hit.

All the while the young scout was descending from the tree, the Indian was reloading his rifle. Black Partridge put in an extraordinary load, making a double charge of powder, and then rammed home the ball, beating it down well with his iron-tipped ramrod.

When he had loaded his rifle, he leveled it at the Briton on the other side.

Crack! went the rifle, and a moment later the officer staggered back, and had he not been caught in the arms of one of his soldiers he would have fallen.

It was only a spent ball that struck him, however, yet it made a big black spot on the center of his forehead, and taught him to keep at a longer range from the marksmen on the other shore.

Jack was down now, and the great question was how were they to get him off the island on shore.

"Look hyar, redskin," said Jake, "ther boat kin be fixed up, I reckon, can't et?"

"Ugh!" the Indian grunted.

Black Partridge then pulled up some coarse grass that grew near, and chewing it into wads, stuffed them in the holes made by the bullets. With a cup made of leaves he bailed out the canoe.

Whirlwind Jack, who had climbed down from the tree, sat on the bank watching the proceedings with the keenest interest. He was under an embankment of stone and rocks, and consequently out of range of the enemies' bullets.

The British and Indians were still consulting what they should do, and from their gestures Grizzly Jake readily concluded they had in contemplation the idea of crossing the river.

"Look hyar, redskin, while yer goin' over arter Jack, I'll try my luck at them pesky rascals ercross ther river," said the hunter.

Black Partridge placed his own gun and Whirlwind Jack's rifle and pistols in the canoe, and began to paddle the frail craft over to the island. The current was not very strong on this side of the island, and he made it very easily.

Meanwhile Grizzly Jake leveled his gun, aiming high, and sent a bullet whizzing over the heads of the Indians and English soldiers. They began firing at him, and he discovered that some of their balls actually crossed the river.

Meanwhile Black Partridge, having crossed to the island, took Jack aboard the canoe, crossed over, and then took his knife and cut the little boat in two.

The three friends then took up their line of march.

The reader must not for a moment suppose that Whirlwind Jack and his companions flattered themselves that their enemies had given up the pursuit. They knew that they would in some manner manage to cross the river, and would come after them before many hours had passed over their heads.

Then again they knew that they were being driven back into the territory of the Pottawatomies, and would, before many days, meet their old enemies.

The day passed without any adventure worth mentioning. Black Partridge made a bow and some arrows, and being skilled in the use of those weapons, killed a fawn, which made them an excellent dinner and supper. They baked some of it in their campfire, and took it with them for their breakfast.

All next day and the next they traveled, going back over almost the very same ground that they had traversed from the lake to Detroit.

It was the night of the fourth day after crossing the river that, as our three friends were preparing to go into camp—that is, for two to lie down and sleep, while the third kept guard over them, they discovered in the distance a campfire.

They gazed at it for some time in amazement. Jack was the first to speak.

"Say, Jake, thet fire ain't made by any o' them pesky Shawnees. It must be them Potts."

A reconnoissance was at once determined upon. Jack told Black Partridge to go forward and ascertain who their neighbors were. It was about two miles across the country to the spot where the firelight was seen blazing so bright, and when the Indian had gone forward the two hunters followed after him. Black Partridge disappeared as noiselessly into the woods, and gathering darkness, as if he had been a shadow, and the two hunters plodded along after him. When within a fourth of a mile of the camp, Black Partridge suddenly appeared.

"Indians with prisoners," the Winnebago announced.

"Et's them Potts with Capen Heald, Sally, an' my sister. We got ter rescue 'em, Jake!"

CHAPTER XIX.

A FAINT HOPE.

"How many air they, Pat?" Jack asked.

"Most hundred," the Indian answered.

"Waal, Jake, we're in a pickle now, sartin."

Jake sat down on a log and whistled a tune softly.

Whirlwind Jack at last said:

"Do ye two stay right hyar and let me see how the land lays."

"Better look out how yer sculp lays," said Jake.

"It's them blasted Potts, Jake, an' I reckon I'm a match fur 'em any day."

"I dun know, when et come ter a hundred."

"I'll keep my eyes peeled." And Jack was out of sight in a moment.

He had all the skill of an Indian, and was devoid of their superstition. Slowly he crept along among the bushes and through the tall grass, and kept his head below the light thrown out by the fire.

Gradually drawing nearer and nearer, he finally came to a point, where from behind a large oak tree he could see the campfires.

There were three of them in all, and he counted twenty-five Indians about the first and thirty at the next.

He estimated that there were enough about the third campfire to make up the number Black Partridge had given.

But Jack wanted to see the prisoners. Partridge had said there were prisoners in the camp, and he determined to see them.

He crawled along the side of the hill, keeping well behind the logs and fallen trees so that they would not see him, and crawling on his hands and knees.

There was a large bunch of low, thick bushes growing between him and the firelight which he wished to see.

The bushes were not over fifty yards from the campfire, and completely screened it from view.

Whirlwind Jack resolved on making the desperate effort to reach the bushes by crawling forward to them.

The moon had not yet risen, and it was quite dark a short distance from the campfires. Jack managed to make out the sentries posted here and there, and noted that they were very careless. No doubt they supposed that all the country was conquered, and that they had no idea that there was an American near.

One sentry was standing not very far from the bushes, and Jack waited for him to go farther away, then lying flat on the ground, he began crawling slowly forward.

Slowly, inch by inch, and foot by foot, he advanced toward the bushes.

It was a long and painful journey to that thicket. To the anxious youth every moment seemed an age, and it sometimes required all his patience to prevent himself from rising and rushing pell-mell to the thicket. But Jack possessed strong, good sense, and he knew that discovery would not only be sure death to himself, but fatal to those whom he intended to save if it was in his power.

At last the long, hard journey was completed. He had crawled over the distance and was lying within the thicket.

He paused for a few moments to breathe, and then, with his hands, carefully parted the bushes and took a peep out at the campfire, within long pistol range of where he lay.

The low hum of voices, which he had heard for some time, became more and more distinct, until he at last discovered it was some persons conversing in English, and he even made out their words, and knew who they were before he took the peep through the bushes and saw Captain Jones, with Captain Heald, Mrs. Heald, and Sally and the two soldiers, Mike and Bob. The men were all tied, but the women had been given the freedom of their limbs.

Captain Jones was speaking, and his voice was cruel and tantalizing.

"So you don't believe me, Nellie Heald?"

"No."

"But have not Gray Wolf and Brown Hawk confirmed my story?"

"You have taught them to lie for you and as you do," the brave woman answered contemptuously.

"Have I, indeed?"

"Captain Jones, if you have any respect for yourself and for your mother, do not insult your prisoners. I do not believe that my brother perished that night."

"But I tell you Whirlwind Jack was burned at the stake," returned Jones.

"Now, that's a blamed lie, an' I've er great mind ter tell him so," Jack mentally ejaculated.

But his prudence overcame his rage, and he listened.

"Nellie Heald, you shall not have any cause to doubt in the next case," Jones said.

"Captain Jones, you will please not address any of your words to my wife," said Captain Heald, who was bound hard and fast.

"I will talk to whom I please, John Heald."

"You are a coward and a villain."

"Take care, sir, how you rouse me," said Jones, rising and drawing his sword. "I may not wait until the rising of the moon."

By the aid of the campfire Whirlwind Jack could see that the face of Captain Jones was flushed with liquor. He had evidently been imbibing too freely.

"Yes, John Heald, I have told you all along that at the rising of the moon you are to die. It don't lack many hours, neither, let me tell you. And as your precious wife seems to doubt my word when I tell her that I burned her brother at the stake, she shall witness you shake off this mortal coil with her own eyes."

"Oh, don't! Please don't burn him!" sobbed Sally.

"Burn him! Ha, ha, ha,—no! The stake is for brave men. I will not burn him nor shoot him."

The young wife raised her agonized eyes toward her captor, who with a most brutal laugh cried:

"He shall hang!"

Mrs. Heald uttered a groan.

"Now, when you see the body of your husband dangling at the end of a rope, maybe you will believe me when I tell you he is dead."

Mrs. Heald sobbed.

"Confound me ef I ain't got erbout all I kin do ter keep from shootin' that air scoundrel!" Jack hissed through his teeth.

But Jack had a world of good sense, and he knew that to shoot the wretch would be fatal to any plan for rescuing the prisoners.

"Nellie Heald, maybe you don't believe that Whirlwind Jack is your brother?" said Jones.

"I know he is."

"How do you know it?" he asked.

"He has the same red scar on his cheek from the burn when he was a little baby."

"Then why didn't you know it before I told you?" the captain asked.

"I had a strange impression that Jack was a near relative of mine, but I had always been told that he was dead, and was not sure."

"So it is not my word alone that convinced you he is your brother?"

"No."

"Well, Nellie Heald, he is your brother, or was. He is dead now."

"What a lie!" gasped Jack under his breath. "Consarn his ugly pictur, I can't stand that much longer. Hang me ef I

don't jist hev ter walk out an' tell him ter his face he air er liar!"

"Nellie Heald, do you want to save your husband's life?" asked the intoxicated captain.

"Yes, yes; I would give my own life to save his."

"Well, you can save it."

"How?"

"Become my wife."

"Your wife, you scoundrel!" she cried. "I have a husband."

"Go to Canada and get a divorce. The courts there will grant you one."

"Never!"

"Then you can see him die."

"Yes, Nellie, let me die a thousand deaths rather than consent to anything that monster says!" cried Captain Heald.

"But you have to hang," declared Jones.

"Then let me hang! That mode of death is not so disgraceful as your infamous proposition."

"Well, the moon will rise soon. Now look you on yon hill. Do you see that tree?" and Captain Jones pointed to a tree that stood out, alone and majestic, on the hill. One branch extended out like an arm, and to that projecting arm he called their attention.

"See what an excellent place it will make to hang one upon," he said. "We can there stretch a neck with all ease imaginable."

A terrible silence fell on the group, broken only by the sobs of the two female prisoners.

"That arm shall be the gallows, for Captain Heald and his two thieves shall hang!"

"Now thar's got ter be some work done afore ther risin' o' ther moon," said Jack to himself.

He understood the plan of the British officer, and began to plan to thwart it.

Jack began slowly and silently crawling away from the thicket, and as soon as he dared he rose and went to his companions.

Whirlwind Jack then told them what he had heard, and said:

"Now, they've got sentries posted out eround in ther woods, hain't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, we got ter git out an' silence them. Boys, don't burn any powder. Use steel, ur knock 'em cold," said Jack. "We must not fire er shot till ther last minit comes."

The Indian and Grizzly Jake both nodded in silence.

They were about to separate, and it was absolutely necessary that they have some sort of a signal.

While they were discussing the matter Jack suggested that a tapping on the breech of their gun with the buckhorn handle of their knives would make a signal that the Indians would never suspect, as it would be exactly like the tapping of a peckerwood, a bird that in the great Northwest works by night as well as day. At almost all hours of the night it may be heard tapping in hollow trees.

When this signal was agreed upon they separated to make a complete circuit of the camp, and all meet at the starting point before the rising of the moon.

"Ther moon will be up in an hour," Jack said as they separated. "Now yer got ter hump yerselves."

They parted, and Jack went down into the ravine.

He had not been long in the dark ravine before he heard a faint whispering.

"Injuns," he thought, and slinging his rifle on his back, he drew his knife and crept stealthily forward.

Suddenly he paused and listened. There was more whispering, and he made out the voices to be English voices.

"Bill," one said. "They can't be friendly."

"I don't believe they are."

"Well, let us creep up a little nearer and see. It is Indians, and all the Indians in this part of the country side with the British government."

Whirlwind Jack felt his heart give a wild bound. Here were recruits. Men who would be valuable to aid him in perfecting his plans.

He determined to make himself known to them, but this was a very delicate task. It was not a dangerous one, for he soon discovered that they were unarmed.

He got as close to them as he could without being seen or heard, and whispered:

"Boys, I am one o' you."

"Who was that?" said one.

"Tom, did you hear a voice?"

"Yes, Bill."

"So did I."

"Et air me, Whirlwind Jack," the youth answered. "Don't yer go ter gittin' skeered. I ain't an enemy. But thar air innemies precious clus round."

Jack now stepped out to meet the young men, and was welcomed as a friend.

"Who be yer an' whar d'yer come frum without arms?" Jack asked.

One of them, named Bill, answered:

"We are Canadians who were induced to join Hull when he invaded Canada. When Hull surrendered Detroit we were in the fort."

"So war I," Jack interrupted, "but I tuk good keer ter git out afore et war over, ez I wasn't in ther surrenderin' business."

"We soon learned after we had been disarmed, that no arrangements had been made for the Canadians in Hull's surrender."

"Blamed old coward, only looked fur his own sculp," said Jack.

"Well, we learned that we were all to be hanged, so we made up our minds to escape, and in the night four of us made a dash to pass the guard. Two were shot down by the British sentries, and the other two got away to the woods, where we have been living for three days on berries, wild roots and bark."

"Good gracious, hyar's some grub!" said Jack, handing his companions each a piece of roasted venison.

Here were two valuable recruits, but they had no arms, and Jack told them to remain where they were and he and his friends would soon return with arms for them.

In three quarters of an hour, Whirlwind Jack and Black Partridge met Grizzly Jake, and all three went to where the recruits were. Each man carried four Indian guns, muskets and rifles as trophies of their silent raid on the sentries.

"Now, hyar air plenty guns fur all, amynishun, too," said Whirlwind Jack. "Take wot yer want, and we'll make ready ter prevent ther meanest thing thet ever white man ur red niggers attempted."

The Canadians were soon armed, and then the five men retired to the top of the hill, where the gallows tree stood, and took a position not over a hundred paces from it. Jack proceeded to explain what the enemy intended to do at the rising of the moon, and what they must do to prevent them.

"How many Indians are there?" asked the Canadian called Bill.

"Erbout a hundred, I reckon," Jack answered.

"A hundred?"

"Yes."

"Can we have any hope against so many?"

"Waal, now, look hyar, pilgrim," said Jack. "I never seed a redskin in my life that warn't mortal 'fraid o' bein' rubbed out. These pesky redskins air, I know. I know thet ef five

determined men who set out ter make er fight agin 'em do it, why, then, we kin make et win. We got plenty guns all loaded. We've rubbed out twelve o' them in ther woods, got twelve muskets which with three rifles make fifteen shots. Gin 'em two volleys from ther woods, an' then we'll charge on 'em an' gin 'em another at close quarters. That'll set 'em ter runnin'. We'll set five people free, and we've got guns nuff fur all, an' everyone kin use 'em. I tell yer thar is hope fur us."

"Mighty slim hope, though," was what Grizzly Jake thought, but he said nothing.

Jake determined to do all he could to aid in the rescue, but five men against a hundred savages were odds too great to think about.

"We may do et," Jake thought with a sigh, "but et air er very faint hope I hev of bein' erlive when ther mornin' comes."

Jack felt about the same as Jake, but like him he did not express his opinion. He assumed to be quite cheerful, and went about among the men encouraging them in whispers. Black Partridge was silent and grave as usual. They took up their position among some trees within easy gunshot of the enemy, and each man took three guns.

Thus they waited for the rising of the moon, then the captain was to bring the prisoners to the tree to hang them.

Slowly the moments dragged by. Jack cast an occasional look at the east, and saw that it was growing a little lighter.

"Boys, ther moon airgoin' ter rise right erway; they'll be hyar in er few minits. Now, don't any o' ye git shaky. Take good aim, an' don't shoot any o' them prisoners. Remember these hyar British muskets don't shoot ez straight ez our own rifles do; an' erbove all yer do, don't tech a prisoner," he whispered.

"We will not," was his answer.

Then the round disc of the moon might have been seen slowly ascending the eastern heavens, and there was a decided commotion in the Indian camp.

Just as the first rays of light began to silver the barren hill side, the whole band of red men, a hundred strong, with the British captain at their head, and the prisoners in their midst, might have been seen ascending the hill.

A faint hope, indeed, the five rescuers entertained.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

The dusky lynchers reached the tree and paused with their intended victims beneath the great projecting arm. The British captain, though partially sobered, did not relent in the least. He had the two female prisoners brought near the doomed men, and said:

"Now, Nellie Heald, I want you to witness with your own eyes the execution of my vengeance. I swore vengeance against John Heald years ago, when you rejected me as your mother had done, and now you are just about to see him die. Bring the ropes!"

The last words of command was to some of the Indians, who brought three hair ropes which the cruel captain tested with his own hands to see if they were good and strong.

"They will do. Now, put them about their necks. One of you climb up into the tree and be ready to place the rope over the limb."

The Indians had such little expectation of an attack that not half of them had brought their weapons with them. The time had come for action, and Whirlwind Jack said:

"Now, lads, aim center. Don't any o' yer waste any lead on that air Britisher, Capen Jones; he air my meat. Air yer ready?"

"Yes!" came the answer of all in concert.

"Fire!"

A stunning volley and shrieks of pain. The British captain

was seen to leap two feet into the air, and fall back to the earth.

Before the confused Indians could tell from whence the shots had come, a second volley more terrible than the first was poured into them, and with yells like a thousand demons, the five determined men dashed out upon them. Captain Jones, Gray Hawk, and Red Cloud were silenced forever, and the savages were without a leader. They knew not how many assailants they had, and with a vague impression that all Kentucky had suddenly come to the frontier, they fled.

"Right at 'em this time," cried Jack. "Git close to 'em, an' let 'em hev et anyway."

They dashed right down the hill and fired a volley at such close range that the rout was completed.

Jack wheeled about and ran to where the prisoners stood dumb with amazement and delight.

He cut the bonds that bound them, and whispered:

"Grab guns, every one on yer. Thar ain't no time ter lose."

No further effort was made to pursue the savages. The prisoners and their rescuers having thoroughly frightened them and driven them away, returned to the point from whence the attack had been made. They had strong hopes of being able to make their way through the forest to the Mississippi, and by drifting down that stream reach St. Louis. They were now ten in number, although two of their number were only weak women. But the frontier women of 1812 were not so weak as they are supposed to be to-day. On many occasions they have been proved to endure hardships and dangers equal to men.

The party took with them sufficient arms and provisions from the Indian camp, and began the long and dreary march.

Even Sally Butler had become inured to hardships, and marched along by the side of Whirlwind Jack without a murmur.

Their dangers were not over yet.

They found the forest full of enemies, who had to be avoided and sometimes fought, but day after day brought them nearer to the great river.

At last on one beautiful morning they came in sight of the great river.

"Waal, hyar we air," said Jack, as the little party paused to gaze on the magnificent stream.

"We won't have to walk any more, will we?" asked Sally, who was at Jack's side.

"Sally, fur your sake I hope not," Jack answered.

"How are we to navigate the river without boats?" the captain asked.

"Build er boat, cap," the youth suggested.

"Dig out a canoe. That would take a very long time, and we could hardly make one large enough to hold us all."

"Don't you remember our war boat on ther lake?"

"Yes, but our experience with a raft boat is not pleasant."

"Waal, cap, er raft on ther river an' one on ther lake air different. We won't hev sich blows on ther river ez we hed on ther lakes," Jack answered. "We kin have a boat built like er raft an' float down ther river."

They set to work with Indian hatchets, which everyone had provided himself with, and proceeded to cut down large pine logs. They had neither hammers nor nails, but they bored holes in the logs with their hunting knives, and made wooden pins out of strong hickory, with which they fastened the logs together. In order to make them doubly strong, they cut hickory withes, which they twisted into ropes, and tied them as well as pinned them. They made this raft something in the shape of the former, with a bow and a stern, and set a rudder to steer it with, and provided it with three large sweeps on each side.

The forest furnished them with material, and the raft or

boat was quite creditable, considering the poor tools with which they had to construct it.

They were six days at work upon the raft boat, and on the last two days Black Partridge and Jake had been sent to kill game, and dress and jerk the meat for the voyage. As yet no signs of Indians had been seen since they reached the banks of the river, but on the evening of the sixth day Black Partridge, who had been on the hill, came suddenly running down, and cried:

"Indians—Indians!"

At the same moment the sharp crack of a few rifles proved the truth of what he had said. The soldiers and hunters grasped their arms and ran up the hill. Only a score of Indians were in sight, and a few well-directed shots soon put them to flight.

"That is not the last of them," said Captain Heald. "There are reinforcements coming."

"Yer right, cap," said Jack. "Et air my opinion thet we'd better git this 'ere craft erfloat jist ez soon ez we kin, an' not let 'em git arter us."

"Mike, how soon can we be ready to go?" the captain asked.

"I think, if all heave ahead and work, we'll be off by daylight," said the sailor.

All set to work, and all night long the hatchets rang.

Torches of pine knots made them lamps to see to work by. Black Partridge and Jake, who made better scouts and sentries than workmen, were sent in the woods to watch for the enemy.

A little after midnight Jake came down to the boat and told them that a large body of the enemy were gathered about two miles away and would no doubt attack them at daybreak.

"How many are they in number, Jake?"

"Two or three hundred, capen," Jake answered. "They air enuff ter wipe us out ef they want ter, an' I think they want ter do et mighty bad."

"Jake, do you and Black Partridge come in three hours."

"We will unless we air driv in sooner."

"If they make an advance you must fire on them and fall back, and we will take care of you."

When Jake was gone all fell to working for life. Even Mrs. Heald and Sally did all they could. They carried pieces of wood and provisions on board, and did all in their power to aid the men at work. There was no sleep that night.

Day had begun to dawn, and in a few moments more all would be ready to launch the raft out on the bosom of the river.

They had made a breastwork of hewn logs around it, and constructed a sort of rude cabin for the women.

The last log was being put in place when the report of a gun awoke the sleeping echoes of the hills and woods.

It was followed by another, another, and then a volley, while the early morning air was rent with yells.

"Now we're in fur et," cried Whirlwind Jack. "Run, Pat; run, Jack!"

The two men leaped down the bank, and close at their heels came a score of Indians.

"Get aboard and push off."

Poles were set against the bank to push off, and the Indian leaped on the boat, but Jake was so hard pressed that he was seized by three or four Indians and hurled to the ground. One of the redskins had raised a knife to kill him, when Whirlwind Jack leaped ashore, fired a brace of pistols at them, and then struck right and left until he had driven them ten feet back, when he seized Jake who had been knocked senseless and flung him on the boat, and leaping on himself, cried:

"Pull erway an' gin 'em thunder!"

The men on the raft boat sent it out from shore. The Indians now became perfectly reckless on seeing their foes about

to escape. They actually leaped into the water, and some swam to the side of the boat. Others poured volleys of rifle shots into it. Bob fell wounded, and Jake had two or three slight wounds, but having regained his consciousness he loaded and fired as rapidly as he could.

"Gin et to 'em!" cried Jack. "Whoop hooray, gin et to 'em!" and he fired shot after shot with such effect among the Indians that they were driven back from the shore. Two or three of the Indians clung to the sides of the raft until they were knocked off and swam back to shore.

The Indians followed along the shore, keeping up a fire on the raft boat, which drifted out into the stream. The strong sides defied their bullets, and, although the side next to shore was thickly peppered, no bullet came through the wood.

From the ports which they had constructed, the soldiers and hunters poured an effective fire on them, and they were again and again driven back into the woods.

But the Indians were persistent, and continued their pursuit of the boat for three days. They procured some canoes and tried to "carry it by the board," as sailors say, but in this they failed, and were driven ashore with great loss.

Soon, on rounding a bend in the river, they saw the Stars and Stripes waving from a flag-staff.

"Hooray!" cried Jack. "Hooray fur ther flag! Don't yer see et, boys?"

They began putting into the shore, and gave themselves up to rejoicing.

The soldiers whom they had seen were the horsemen of Col. Richard M. Johnson, the man who afterward fought the battle of the Thames. They were those dreaded Kentuckians, whose names were a terror to the Indians and British.

Col. Johnson and his brother, who was a lieutenant-colonel, came down to the water's edge to greet them and welcome them to his camp. They told their sad story to sympathetic ears, and the Kentuckians vowed vengeance.

The ladies were sent to Louisville, and Captain Heald, Whirlwind Jack and the others joined the Kentuckians, who, consolidating with Harrison, moved against the British and Indians, whom they defeated at the Thames, where Tecumseh was killed by Col. Johnson himself. As his horse was falling, Tecumseh rushed at Dick Johnson with uplifted tomahawk, and the colonel drew a pistol and shot him in the breast.

Black Partridge and Jack served through the War of 1812 together, and had many remarkable adventures, some of which we may narrate in the future. After the war was over Jack settled in Indiana and was married to Sally. Black Partridge was always his friend, and both lived to be old men, honored and respected by all who knew them.

THE END.

Read "THE GYPSY'S SON; or, THE DOUBLE LIFE," by Howard Austin, which will be the next number (573) of "Pluck and Luck."

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly except the following are in print: 1 to 5, 7, 8, 10 to 13, 15 to 20, 22, 25, 29 to 31, 34 to 36, 38, 39, 42, 43, 48 to 51, 54, 55, 57, 58, 60, 62, 64, 68, 69, 75, 81, 84 to 86, 89, 93, 100, 109, 116, 119, 124 to 126, 162, 163, 166, 171, 179 to 181, 212, 265. If you cannot obtain the ones you want from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, New York, and you will receive the copies you order, by return mail.

Pluck and Luck.

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1909.

Terms to Subscribers.

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	.65 "
One Copy Six Months.....	\$1.25
One Copy One Year.....	2.50

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THINGS OF INTEREST.

This is a question that has often been asked and written about, and people are not satisfied to answer either way. At Jackson, Miss., a boy named Harmon owned a dog, and because the canine didn't come at his call he was well licked and at once disappeared. In two hours he returned with another dog, and the strange dog at once bit the boy in the leg to punish him. If the boy's dog didn't think and reason, how did he bring such a thing about? He felt that the boy ought to be bitten, but didn't want to do it himself. A good smart dog catches on to things much quicker than a dull boy.

If you are a boy about 12 years old and rather curious about things, hold on a little. Fred Harper of Elgin, Ill., found a railroad torpedo, and being a boy with curiosity, he took it home and smashed it with a hammer. The result was that he had one eye put out, six of his teeth were scattered, one of his ears was split; he had seven cuts on the face, three fingers were badly lacerated and some of the pieces of the torpedo were driven into his breast bone. When you don't know what a thing is, let some other boy do the smashing. In that way he'll get all the hurts and you'll get all the information.

The dog trotting contentedly along between or just back of the rear wheels of a carriage is one of the pleasant remembrances of the time when the horse was supreme, but horse and dog were both rudely disturbed by the advent of the automobile. Automobiles run too fast for a dog to trot along beside, and as there is not room within the automobile for anything larger than a lap dog the coach dog had to go. One English automobile firm is now manufacturing an automobile body that opens at the back, disclosing a roomy kennel for dogs, but it is probable that although better than nothing at all, this arrangement will not be completely satisfactory to either dog or master.

Alexander Pope, who was the literary pontiff of his time, thought best when in bed. Whenever a thought came to him he would jot it down on a scrap of paper. His servant often found bedclothes and floor covered with white bits containing aphorisms which have now become hackneyed quotations. Victor Hugo wrote "Les Miserables" standing up, an attitude which Hawthorne assumed when he wrote many of his romances. One leg thrown over the arm of a chair or sitting on the arm of his secretary's chair, were Napoleon's favorite

positions while dictating to Bourrienne, a position which he varied now and then by patting that scribe on the head or pulling his ears. Sir Walter Scott could, while reclining on a lounge, dictate to two amanuenses, who frequently had to stop writing, so funny the dictated passages seemed to them. Balzac, in a monk's robe, frequently wrote from midnight till noon, taking draughts of strong coffee when drowsiness attacked him, and thus shortening his life by many years, no doubt. William Morris made one of his famous translations from the Greek while riding on the steam cars. Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel, original in all things, were most original in the position they took while thinking. They were wont, Mr. Traubel says, to climb upon a pile of lumber and lie down upon their backs. In that way each found out what the other's best thoughts were.

OUR COMIC COLUMN.

Man Patron (with a sigh)—Yes, I know. That's the big French doll the twins are going to quarrel about when they get it at Christmas because I couldn't get 'em one apiece.

Mrs. Jones—How is your invalid friend, Mrs. Robinson? Mrs. Smith—Just as full of aches and pains as ever. I think she ought to go down and try the Emmanuel Movement and see if that wouldn't help her. Mrs. Jones—Quite so. Any kind of massage ought to be good for her.

Fortune Teller—You are a married man. Your troubles always come in pairs. Beware of a large, blonde, handsomely dressed lady. Your wife is small and dark, and the large blonde lady is going to create disaster and dissension in your family.

"Any complaints, corporal?" said the colonel, making one morning a personal inspection. "Yes, sir. Taste that, sir," said the corporal promptly. The colonel put the liquid to his lips. "Why," he said, "that's the best soup I ever tasted!" "Yes, sir," said the corporal, "and the cook wants to call it coffee."

A politician who was making a house-to-house canvass during a recent election came to a farm-house, when he observed a young woman standing at the gate, and the candidate gracefully lifted his hat and politely asked: "No doubt, my dear madam, your husband is at home?" "Yes," responded the woman. "Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" inquired the politician. "He's down in the pasture a-buryin' the dog," was the reply from the individual at the gate. "I am very sorry indeed to learn of the death of your dog," came in sympathizing tone from the candidate. "What killed him?" "He wore hisself out a-barkin' at the candidates," said the woman.

A repertoire company was walking into Paducah, where they were billed to play "Romeo and Juliet." The leading man approached the manager, who strode moodily ahead on the ties. "Boss," he said, "I've got to have 15 cents." "Fifteen cents?" growled the manager. "You're always yelling for money. What do you want 15 cents for?" "What do I want 15 cents for?" repeated the leading man, bitterly. "I want it for a shave, that's what I want it for. I can't play Romeo with five days' black beard on my face." "Oh, well," said the manager, "you won't get no 15 cents. We'll change the bill to 'Othello.'"

WILD MOLL'S CHARGE

By HORACE APPLETON.

I sat in one of those peculiar institutions, a western ranch, after a hard day's ride, sipping my mug of mountain-dew, and dreaming of home, quite forgetful of surroundings, when I was startled by a sudden outburst of applause, and some twenty or more voices shouting:

"Welcome, Moll! Welcome, old gal!"

Of course I looked up in astonishment, and was at once interested in the character who had brought forth this demonstration.

It was a woman of a Spanish cast of features, and evidently some forty years of age.

She walked direct to the bar, and although a dozen or more glasses of whisky were extended toward her, she refused to drink but one; and then, with half a dozen words, a good-natured smile, and a sharp cut with her riding-whip over the shoulders of one who was evidently her favorite, she left the ranch again.

The person who had received this last-named mark of distinction seated himself by my side, rubbed his hands, but still seemed to think himself highly favored, for he laughed loudly, and asked:

"Stranger, do you know that ar gal?"

I replied that I did not, when he continued:

"You've heerd on her, of course?"

I asked the name, and was informed that she was called Wild Moll, her name being Mary Wild.

I had heard the name, but was ignorant of her particular virtues. Still, I did not make this confession lest it should mortify my questioner.

So I replied that she was a remarkable person, and asked, at the same time, what particular adventure had marked her career, and rendered her the general favorite she seemed to be.

"Breakin' up a nest of red varmints, savin' a youngster, an' leapin' over the Devil's Gate Ledge into the Sweetwater," was the reply.

I begged that the man would relate the particulars, and he began, while the entire assemblage gathered around, although there were few of them who had not heard it a hundred times.

"Well, stranger, there was a cabin up by the Medicine Bow, where there lived just as happy a couple as the sun ever shone upon. That was my wife Nancy and myself. We were the more happy because we had a sun in our house in the shape of a blue-eyed little girl.

"Well, this Red Rodman, somehow, conceived a great dislike for me. He never was satisfied to kill the body of those he hated; he wanted to let that live and kill the peace of mind, as that is the biggest kind of revenge."

The hunter dashed a teardrop away from his eyes, and then continued:

"It was me that the renegade wanted to spite, and not my wife. So he came upon my home at night with a gang of his cut-throats, and the red flame was glaring in my eyes when I was startled out of a sound sleep by their yells.

"Fighting was no use, because I was alone, but I did the best I could.

"I saw my Nancy brutally butchered, and I wondered why I was spared. The gang didn't see fit even to hold me a prisoner, but left me standing free, and so I sat for hours by the mangled remains of my partner.

"The sun arose blood red.

"At first I thought that I would give up all, and die. But just then I glanced up to that top ledge of rocks, known as Devil's Gate.

"What should I see there but Rodman, holding my little

daughter in his arms. He swung her over the precipice, and I heard her little voice as her wails came back to me."

"Goodness gracious! He surely didn't huri your little innocent over that cliff?"

"No; it was only a trick to drive me mad, and it did almost do it. I tried to raise my knife, which had not even been taken from me, but I hadn't the strength to do it, and it fell from my grasp. Then I staggered forward, and, falling upon my knees, actually begged the murderer to spare my darling little one, and I believe that I also cried like a baby."

"Wept like a man, rather."

"As you please to term it. But my strength and judgment returned to me when I found that my enemy only laughed at my agony, and I sprang up the rocks toward the point where Rodman stood. He retreated back some hundred rods on a level spot, and there he stood, still holding my child, and surrounded by a dozen of his monsters. And now, sir, just here is where Mary Wild comes in."

"I had forgotten her in my interest in listening to you. Pray go on."

"Mary had been to my cabin a great many times, and she was fond of Nancy and the baby.

"I didn't discover her during the fight, but it appears that she was around, for when I reached the top of the rocks, there she was within a few feet of the villainous murderer.

"She was creeping along, keeping as much concealed as possible by the undergrowth, and the murderer was not aware of her presence until she sprang suddenly, fired at him, killing him almost instantly.

"Well, sir, the savages were so thunderstricken by this daring act, that they stood for a time in perfect silence, and without moving.

"Then they recovered and set up a horrible yelling, and began the chase."

"Mary was escaping with your child?"

"Exactly, stranger. She had caught my little one in her arms, mounted a pony, and was dashing away."

"Down the rocks?" I asked, with a shudder.

"Yes, down the rocks. But those Indian ponies know every inch of the way, and can leap from point to point like a deer or antelope. Besides, there was a kind of path leading to the Sweetwater and the valley below, which the pony knew as well as Mary did, and he made lively tracks in the right direction."

"That was, indeed, fortunate."

"It was, although it didn't appear so at the time."

"Explain!"

"Well, you see, Mary, and the pony, and my child had just arrived at a point where they were about to make a plunge down a pretty steep place, when up jumps a lot of the reds and stops her way. Back she comes for another path; but here she was headed off, and, for a short time, she paused upon an open, rocky space, looked around, and didn't seem to be able to decide what to do. All this time the yells of the red fiends were ringing out fearfully, and they were closing in upon her."

"But she was equal to the emergency?"

"You are right there, stranger. She turned her pony's head direct towards the precipice, and dashed towards it at a furious rate."

"Gracious! did she intend to take that terrible leap?"

"That's just the question I asked myself, and, if I could judge from her movements, she did. So the thought came to my comfort as I watched her, that she knew the reds would kill her and the child, and that they might as well die that way as any other. However, she afterwards told me that she had no idea of going over the cliff, but that she intended to mislead her pursuers, and then make another dash for the beaten track."

"And she was successful?"

"No, sir. Over that precipice she went, with child and pony. You see, when she started towards the cliff, a dozen of the savages let fly their arrows. Only one of them struck Mary, wounding her slightly in the arm, but several buried themselves in the pony's haunches. The pain maddened him, and he rushed forward as though blind, and over the chasm he went, bearing his precious burden with him. You will see that an enormous cottonwood tree is standing just at the base of the cliff, and that its topmost branches are but little below the summit of the rocky ledge?"

"I see that is the case."

"Well, sir, the pony lit right among those branches after he made the leap. Poor thing, he went crashing through, and fell upon the rocks below, a lacerated mass of quivering flesh and broken bones. But it wasn't so with Mary and the child."

"And so Mary escaped?"

"Yes, sir. She dropped from limb to limb, and climbed carefully down until she had reached the ground, all the time taking care to hold my little one in safety."

"Did the Indians trouble you no further?"

"Not a bit of it. They didn't see how the gal was saved, and of course they thought she was killed outright. It was some months after before they discovered her, and then the superstitious rascals took her for a ghost. She let 'em think so, but I tell you she is real flesh and blood, and a true woman at that. Now, sir, you have one reason why she is such a great favorite among us."

The next day I had the pleasure of conversing with Molly. I found her to possess more than usual intellect, and considerable refinement. But she was much attached to her mountain life, and expressed a determination never to leave it. She confirmed the old story in every particular, calling that especial adventure her "Charge."

A FAMOUS GOOSE

An interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' orderly-room at Whitehall. It consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription: "Jacob—2d Battalion Coldstream Guards." Beneath it are the words: "Died on Duty."

In 1838 a rebellion broke out in Canada, and two battalions of the Guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the Citadel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighborhood.

Near one of these guards was a farmyard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals that were at that period a great pest to the colonists; and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting-place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it.

One day the sentry, whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm, had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking toward the spot whence it proceeded, he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him, closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter; but this would have alarmed the guard, and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator of the scene, while every step brought the Reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair, the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier, in its frantic endeavor to reach the refuge which the sentry-box could afford; and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose; but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth, the ready bayonet of the

sentinel had passed through his body. The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs, and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy; nor could it ever be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down day after day with each successive sentry that was placed there until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it as a regimental pet, to England.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved its preserver's life.

Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not, must of course forever remain a problem; but it so happened that he was on that particular post about two months afterward, when a desperate attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the scudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, a strange rustling sound, and bringing his musket to his shoulder, he shouted loudly: "Who goes there?" Not a sound, save the echo of his own voice in the distance, and the sighing of the winter wind among the branches of the trees which stood in the desert farmyard responded to the challenge.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat, followed by the devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again "stood at ease" before the sentry-box. This was the enemy's opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavoring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up towards the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were preparing with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, arose suddenly on its wings, and swept around the sentry-box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded, and rushed blindly forward; but the sentry, fully aroused to his danger, bayoneted one and shot at the other as he was running away. Meanwhile the other conspirators approached to the assistance of their colleagues, but the bird repeated its tactics, and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard, whom the firing of his musket had alarmed, came upon the scene, and made them flee for their lives.

When this incident became known, poor old Jacob was the hero of the garrison, and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death.

On the arrival of the regiment in London, the bird resumed its old duties with the sentinels posted at the barrack gates, and it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked proudly up and down with the sentry, or stood to "attention" beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed, and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at his disposal. Children were his especial favorites, as they used to bring the creature all kinds of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in military parlance, he was "standing easy."

For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at length run over by a van. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird, but it was of no avail, and he died like a true English soldier, at the post of duty, after a "sentry-go" of no less than twelve years.

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